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CHURCH PSALMODY:

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SELECTED

FROM DR. WATTS AND OTHER AUTHORS.

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public such a work as this, it is obviously proper that something should be said of the object and expectation of its compilers. These may be stated in a few words. It has been their aim and hope to make a selection of psalms and hymns of a highly lyrical character, in respect to sentiment, imagery, language, and structure; possessing sufficient elevation and dignity to render them specially adapted to public worship on the Sabbath, and possessing, at the same time, such a variety of subjects and metres, and such a degree of simplicity, warmth, and animation, as should render them suitable for use in all social religious meetings, and in families. They have aimed, also, to render the selection particularly copious in those classes of hymns which are specially adapted to this period of revivals and of religious benevolent institutions and labors, and to various important occasions.

The two things to be regarded in hymns for use in public worship, and by which their lyrical character is to be tested, are their *Matter* and their *Structure*. In both these respects they may be faulty. Some remarks on the requisites of good lyric poetry will be made under each of these heads.

As to the MATTER proper for lyric poetry.

1. The aim of all lyric poetry should be to express *emotion*, and the *sentiments* should be such as are adapted to this end. This is the original and natural office of all poetry; and it is more especially the natural office of all poetry which is designed to be used in connection with music. Poetry itself is the language of emotion; and that only is good lyric poetry, which requires the aid of music to produce its full effect. A kindred office of lyric poetry is to excite or increase emotion in the hearer or performer. Sacred lyric poetry may express every class of emotions which it is proper for man to express in acts of worship; but especially such as are implied in ascriptions of praise. It should generally be addressed directly to God, or else it should consist of rehearsals of truths and events, or exhortations and appeals to the hearts of men, which are directly adapted to turn the thoughts to God, and fill the soul with emotions towards him.

A judicious German writer, treating on the character of lyric poetry, remarks that "The church secures human sanctification by two means—*teaching* or *preaching*, and the *worship of God*. In both these exercises the intellect and heart are employed, and act together, but not equally. Preaching is chiefly designed to enlighten the understanding, while the principal aim of worship is to warm and purify the heart, and express its emotions." To the first of these divisions of the services of the sanctuary belong the reading of the Scriptures, exposition, exhortations, and sermons. To the second belong prayer and singing. Though these divisions should be kept distinct, yet it very often happens, that exhortation or preaching occupies a large place in the prayers and hymns. "Modern hymns," says the author referred to above, "are not lyrical, but didactic. They only preach in rhyme; and thus they reach the head, but not the heart. If, now, the sermon preaches, and the singing preaches, and the prayer preaches, the monotony of the service will occasion weariness; but if the sermon preaches, and the hymn sings, and the prayer prays, there will be a beautiful variety, to exercise and interest all the faculties of the soul." One author of hymns has filled a large book with pieces, most of which were written as supplements to sermons, and seem to be little more than abstracts, expressed in rhyme, of the sentiments which had just been delivered. As such, they may be very good; but they can scarcely be considered as better adapted to musical effect, than a table of contents, or the synopsis of an argument. They may be set to music, so that each syllable shall correspond to a note of a tune, but they cannot be sung. This forcibly bringing syllables and notes into contact, and pronouncing them together, is not singing, any more than noise is music. Such hymns may contain excellent statements and discussions of Christian doctrines, expressed in an attractive form, and may be highly valuable to be read and treasured up in the memory; but they are in no degree adapted to musical effect. All truly lyrical poetry, of a religious character, has one of these two objects—either to be a channel through which the full soul may pour forth its strong and holy emotions, or to bring before the mind objects which, in their nature and aspect, are adapted to awaken these elevated emotions;—it is to express emotion, or to excite it.

2. The sentiments and imagery should be *grave, dignified, and conformed to the taste and habits of the age.* What would be suited to one nation or age, or to one state of society, might be wholly unsuited to another. When the feelings are addressed, no allowance can be made for difference of age, or nation, or habits, as there may be when the understanding is addressed. Whatever, then, is unscriptural, grovelling, minute in detail, light, fanciful, incongruous, or offensive to the taste and feelings, checks the flow of the soul, and detracts seriously from the effect, and should therefore be avoided. If the prevailing taste is opposed to the precepts and doctrines of the Bible, it should not, of course, be humored. But, so far as manner, imagery, and illustration are concerned, it should be regarded scrupulously. Much, in these respects, which would be appropriate and powerful in an oration, or a heroic poem, would be utterly unfit for the dignity and holy excitement which should always attend a hymn set to music.

All familiar and fondling epithets, or forms of expression, applied to either person of the Godhead, should be avoided, as bringing with them associations highly unfavorable to pure devotional feeling. A similar remark should be made respecting all hymns that wear the aspect of condoling with the sinner, tending to divert his thoughts from his guilt to his calamity, and occasioning in him a high state of agreeable, sympathetic excitement. Scarcely any thing tends more directly and powerfully to destroy a deep conviction of guilt, or erects a more formidable barrier against the exercise of true contrition and humility. A large portion of those hymns which are technically called *revival* hymns, are of this character; and the very reason, probably, why they are so popular, is, that the use of them makes the sinner feel comfortably, when he ought to feel condemned and undone.

3. Hymns should possess *unity*. Not that only one subject should come before the mind in one hymn. This would be unnatural, and would weaken the effect. The impression made by any subject is often deepened by viewing it in its connection with others. The effect of a hymn expressive of penitence would be increased by glancing at the mercy of God, the sufferings of Christ, and the free offer of pardon. Still, all the subjects brought into a hymn should be of such a character, and so connected, as to form one group, strike the mind at one view, and conspire to produce one effect.

4. Every line should be *full of meaning*. At every syllable, the mind should feel that it is making progress, taking some new view, or receiving some additional or deeper impression. The whole hymn should be the overflowing of a full soul, unable any longer to contain its emotions. An unmeaning line or word, thrown in to make out the rhyme or measure, is like a dead limb on a living body—a cumbrous deformity, better amputated than retained. A hymn in long metre generally possesses less vivacity, and is sung with less ease and spirit, than one in short metre, principally because the stanza in short metre expresses as much of thought and feeling in twenty-six syllables, as the stanza in long metre does in thirty-two. In many instances in this book, hymns in long metre have been changed into common or short metre, by merely disencumbering the lines of their lifeless members.

Under the head of STRUCTURE, the following characteristics are mentioned as being essential to good lyric poetry:—

1. *Plain style.* All inversions and artificial arrangement of the words, all parenthetical, involved, or otherwise intricate clauses, together with all long sentences, and ambiguous and obscure words, are to be avoided. Even those arrangements of words and clauses, and those full periods, which would be perfectly intelligible, and might give beauty and strength to a composition which is to be read or spoken, may be wearisome, unintelligible, and, of course, destitute of all lyrical effect, when sung. For the purpose of conveying his meaning, and giving force to what he utters, the speaker may avail himself freely of tones, inflections, pauses, and an otherwise varied enunciation; and a single performer, or a well-disciplined and careful choir, may accomplish something in the same way, in singing; but singers generally must, from the nature of the case, be very

much cramped in these respects. A simple, uninvolved style is the natural one for impassioned poetry as well as for oratory.

2. Every sentence should be constructed so as to *express emotion*. Every thing in the form of reasoning, logical statement or inference, explanation or discussion, requires a state of mind wholly inconsistent with that holy and devout excitement implied in sacred music.

3. Sentences and clauses should contain, as far as is practicable without occasioning a stiff and tedious uniformity, *complete sense in themselves*. A succession of clauses bound together by weak connectives, exhausts the performer, by allowing no opportunity for pausing; while, by multiplying unmeaning words, and keeping the mind too long on the same course, it also wearies the hearer. It contributes greatly to the spirit and force of the hymn, as well as to the ease of the performer, to throw off rapidly, in a concise form, one thought after another, each complete in itself, and with each beginning a new rhetorical clause.

4. The structure of each stanza should be such that the *mind shall perceive the meaning immediately*. All hypothetical clauses, placed at the beginning, or other clauses containing positions or arguments having reference to some conclusion which is to follow, are to be avoided. They contain no meaning in themselves, and bring nothing before the mind expressive or productive of feeling, till the performer reaches the important words at the close of perhaps the second or fourth line. The only method of wading through such lines, set to music, is for the performer to suspend all thought and feeling, and struggle hard and patiently, till he shall come to the light The first word should, if possible, express something in itself, and every word should add to it. But, from a spirited clause at the beginning, the mind may derive an impulse which shall carry it through a heavy one that may follow. Clauses, however, which follow the main one, to qualify it, connected by a relative, are always heavy and injurious.

5. The words should be *easy of enunciation*, and *capable of being dwelt upon*, without seeming harsh or unnatural. Difficult and unpleasant combinations of consonants; all successions of words and syllables in which the same sound frequently occurs; long words, where all thought and feeling must stand still, like spectators, while four or five syllables are drawn out to as many minims or semibreves; and all slender syllables, on which the voice cannot dwell without distorting them, especially if two or three of them occur together, or in an important part of the line,—are great defects in a hymn, if they do not entirely destroy its vigor. To express the whole thought in one syllable is, of course, much more forcible than to express it in many. The best orators and the best poets abound in monosyllables.

6. The *pauses should be arranged with reference to effect.* There should be a pause at the end of each line. The music is generally adapted to more or less of a cadence at that point, and, as his own ease requires it, the performer will naturally make one there. If, therefore, the nominative comes at the

end of one line, and the verb at the beginning of the next, the lines, when sung, must make nonsense. If the performer attempts to run the lines together, and preserve the connection, the measure of the line, the returning rhyme, the length of the sentence, and the cadence of the music, all demanding a pause, but being violated together, will render the performance unnatural, and produce a harshness worse, perhaps, than nonsense. If long pauses are introduced within the line, they should be at or before the middle; and never, unless to secure some peculiar expression, near the end. Even the short pause following an address, which may occur any where else, should not be admitted there.

7. The *accented parts of the stanza should correspond with the accented notes of the tune.* The want of this is a defect of more frequent occurrence in hymns than any other. Articles or conjunctions, or the lightest syllables in important words, are often so placed, that, in the regular movement of the tune, they are pronounced on the longest and most accented notes; while the more important words and syllables, by their side, fall on the weakest and most unaccented notes. The judicious singer, in such cases, may be able, to some extent, to accommodate the music to the words; but ordinary choirs will entirely destroy the meaning and force of the poetry. Such a misplacing of the accent, such a swelling upon the unimportant syllables, and such a depression of the important ones, is as unfavorable to all beauty and force, and as utterly nonsensical, in singing, as in reading or speaking.

8. The several stanzas of a hymn should possess a good degree of *uniformity*, as to measure, accent, and pauses. If each stanza were to be sung to a tune made specially for it, their structure might be ever so diverse without inconvenience; but, as they are all to be sung to the same tune, it is obvious that all the stanzas should be similar to each other, and regularly conformed to the measure adopted.

9. Each stanza, and the whole hymn, should be so constructed, that the importance of the sentiments, the force of expression, the emotion, and the general effect of the piece, shall be increasing through to the end. A sinking, retrograde movement is worse, if possible, in lyric poetry, than in oratory.

It is not claimed for the psalms and hymns, in this collection, that they are entirely free from the faults that have now been referred to. Perhaps no hymn could be found in the English language, in which some of these faults might not be detected. The writers of sacred devotional poetry seem to have thought very little of adapting it to musical purposes. Had they felt the importance of this, and turned their thought to it, much the larger part of all the irregularities now found in their hymns might very easily have been avoided. Now, many of them cannot be removed, without rendering the pieces disagreeably stiff, or breaking down their whole fabric. In compiling this book, the principles just laid down have been kept constantly in view, and, in innumerable instances, such faults as have here been noticed have been corrected. The fact that some imperfections, of various kinds, must remain, is no reason why they should not be rendered as few as possible.

In noticing the sources from which the materials for this book have been drawn, it may be stated that, besides the version of the psalms by Dr. Watts, and those versions that preceded his, and those of some authors of less note, made since his time, use has been made of two nearly entire versions, and one very extensive collection, recently published in England. Versions of many single psalms have been found scattered through the several collections of hymns which have been examined. In selecting the hymns, in addition to the hymn-books used by the various denominations of Christians in the United States, the compilers have examined eight or ten extensive general collections of hymns, besides a large number of smaller collections published in England, and which have never been republished, or for sale, in this country. In these and other works, they suppose that they have examined nearly all the good lyric poetry in the English language.

The number of metrical pieces of the psalms is 454, and the number of the hymns 731, making 1185 in all. Of these, 421 are from Dr. Watts, who has, undoubtedly, written more good psalms and hymns, of a highly lyrical character, than any other author, and to whom the church is indebted, probably, for nearly half of all the valuable lyric poetry in the language. The names of the several authors, when known, or the collections from which the pieces have been taken, are given in the index to the first lines.

In selecting and arranging these materials, the compilers have aimed to make a hymn-book of a thoroughly evangelical character, in doctrine and spirit, and as highly lyrical as the materials, with such labor as could be bestowed upon them, would permit. They have, accordingly, rejected a large amount of religious poetry, excellent in itself, so far as the sentiments and language are concerned, and aimed to select only such pieces as are adapted to be *sung*. As the same piece was often found with important variations, in different books, they have aimed to select that copy which seemed best suited to the design of this work, without inquiring how the author originally wrote it. They have treated the hymns which have come before them as public property, which they had a right to modify and use up according to their own judgment. Omissions, abridgments, alterations, and changes in the arrangement of the stanzas have, therefore, been made with freedom, whenever it appeared that the piece could thereby be improved. These alterations have been made principally to avoid prosaic and unimpassioned passages; low or otherwise unsuitable imagery or expression; abrupt transitions; unmeaning and cumbrous words and clauses; long, complicated, and obscure sentences; feeble connectives; long words, and harsh and slender syllables; a wrong position of the accent and pauses; the anticlimactic structure; and a disagreement in the form and rhythm of the several stanzas.

A considerable number of pieces, possessing less of a lyrical character than is desirable, have been retained; partly because the subjects were important, and nothing better on them could be found; and partly because, though not well adapted to public worship generally, they might be useful on special occasions, or for families and individuals.

On some important topics, it may be asked why so few pieces have been inserted. The reply must be, that on such topics all have been inserted, which could be found, that seemed worthy of a place. Not one hymn, in all respects good, on any useful topic, has been designedly omitted. If it is asked why so large a portion of the pieces are so short, the reply is similar—that all of each piece was inserted that seemed worth inserting; and it was not thought worth while to print poor stanzas for the sake of increasing their number. Besides, four and five stanzas are, in ordinary cases, as much as can be sung with ease or profit. Singing, of all the exercises of public worship, should least be protracted so as to become wearisome, as it necessarily must be, when six or eight stanzas are given out.

In the arrangement, it was thought best, for various reasons, to preserve the psalms separate, as has been done heretofore, in the books most commonly used. In the index of subjects, the psalms are arranged under the appropriate heads with the hymns. The several parts of each psalm have been arranged according to their metre, and are numbered on continuously throughout, in the most simple manner. In arranging the hymns, those heads were selected which, it was thought, would most easily cover the whole ground, and run into each other the least. They follow each other in what seemed the most natural order. The hymns, under each of the general and subordinate heads, are intended to be so arranged, that, while they are read in course, the mind shall be steadily advancing in the subject. The arrangement is certainly imperfect; yet, probably, few who examine it will see so many imperfections in it as they saw who made it. It is doubtful whether, while hymns possess so little unity, any such arrangement can be adopted, as that many hymns may not, with about equal propriety, be placed under any one of two or three different heads. In the index of subjects here, they are so placed.

The number of tunes from which the selection has been made is limited, and such have been chosen as are not only appropriate in their general spirit and movement, but whose accent and pauses correspond with those of the several stanzas to be sung. Often, the tune prefixed merely indicates the class of tunes to be used. Others would be equally appropriate. Different choirs, or different circumstances, may render it expedient to use different tunes. Judgment should be exercised, and time, place, occasion, &c. should be consulted.

To indicate, to some extent, the manner of performance, those marks for musical expression have been used which are commonly employed in music-books, and with which choirs are generally acquainted, rather than any arbitrary signs.

pp	*pianissimo,*	very soft.
p	*piano,*	soft.
mp	*mezzo piano,*	a little soft.
m	*mezzo,*	middle—neither loud nor soft. This mark is also applicable to those hymns or passages which now have no mark.
mf	*mezzo forte,*	a little loud.
f	*forte,*	loud.
ff	*fortissimo,*	very loud.
<	*crescendo,*	increasing, louder and louder.
>	*diminuendo,*	diminishing, softer and softer.
<>	*swell,*	increasing and then diminishing.
><	*inverted swell,*	diminishing and then increasing.
dol	*dolce,*	in a gentle, smooth, gliding manner.
Aff	*affetuoso,*	with deep and tender feeling.
! !	*staccato,*	short, distinct, articulate.
Len	*lentando,*	gradually becoming slower and softer to the end.
—	. . . .	used at the beginning of a line, to contradict any mark of musical expression which has gone before it. In the middle of a line, or at the end, it signifies a pause, longer or shorter, according to the judgment of the performer.

The marks for musical expression have been prefixed, in general, with reference to the tunes named. The same psalm or hymn, sung to a different tune, might often require some variation of the expression.

After all which can be done, directions for musical expression must be merely hints, by which the general character of the expression to be given is indicated. The various kinds and degrees of the emotions to be expressed, requiring a corresponding variation of the manner of performance, are so numerous, and so complicated in their nature, that only a ready susceptibility of emotion, joined to good taste and judgment, and careful attention to the subject, can secure a correct manner of singing.

In the index to the first lines, as well as in that to the subjects, the psalms and hymns are brought together without distinction, and the reference is uniformly to the page. In the latter index, the different subjects are not inserted under words arbitrarily selected, and placed in alphabetical order, but under the principal and subordinate topics of the arrangement in the book, thus bringing all the psalms and hymns on the same or kindred topics near each other in the index, so as to be easily found. This is believed to be the most convenient plan for such an index.

With these remarks and explanations, this work, on which the compilers have bestowed much time and labor, and in which they have found much pleasure, is now given to the churches for their use.

LOWELL MASON,
DAVID GREENE.

Boston, August, 1831.

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PSALMS.

1 First Part. L. M. *Ralston.*

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way, where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do;—

2 Who loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

f> 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
< Shall flourish in immortal green;
> And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
mf On every work his hands begin.

p 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;—
< As chaff before the tempest flies,
> So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
p When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

1 Second Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:—

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day, he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

mf 3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
> Enjoys a peaceful state.

mf 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

p 5 Not so the impious and unjust:—
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace
< When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
mf Appoints his saints a place.

1 Third Part. S. M. *Bladenburg.*

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:—

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

mf 3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

p 4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
< Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
> Before the driving wind.

1 Fourth Part. 7's. *Norwich.*

1 OH how blest the man, whose ear
Impious counsel shuns to hear;
Who nor loves nor treads the way,
Where the sons of folly stray:—

2 But, impressed with sacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy law:
This by day his fixed employ,
This by night his constant joy.

mf 3 Like the tree, that's taught to grow
Where the streams refreshing flow,
He his fruitful branch shall spread,
Prosperous, he no leaf shall shed.

p 4 See, ah! see, a different fate
God's obdurate foes await!
See them, to his wrath consigned,
< Fly like chaff before the wind.

p 5 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,
And to each assign his doom;—
Say, shall then the impious band
With the just assembled stand?

mf 6 These, th' Almighty, these alone,
Objects of his love shall own;—
> While his vengeance who defy,
Len Whelmed in endless ruin lie.

2 First Part. C. M. *Marlow.*

Christ exalted and his Enemies warned.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks, with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

mf 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
f "And wide his kingdom spread."

p 4 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

2 Second Part. C. M. *Patmos.*

1 ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontrolled decree:—
"Thou art my Son—this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

2 "Ask—and receive thy full demands—
"Thine shall the heathen be;
< "The utmost limits of the lands
f "Shall be possessed by thee."

p 3 Learn, then, ye princes—and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
mf Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

2 Third Part. S. M. *Dover.*

1 THE Lord ascends on high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 He asks—and God bestows
A large inheritance:
f Far as the world's remotest ends,
His kingdom shall advance.

— 3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod:
f He'll vindicate those honors well,
Which he received from God.

mp 4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne:
<> With trembling joy, ye people, bow
f To God's exalted Son.

mp 5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place:
f But blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

2 Fourth Part. H. M. *Murray.*

mf 1 JESUS, the Saviour, reigns!
On Zion is his throne:
The Lord's decree sustains
His own begotten Son:
< Up from the grave
He bids him rise,
f And mount the skies,
With power to save.

mf 2 His kingdom is complete,
This day exalts his name:

Before his Father's seat,
He makes his righteous claim:
p < Gentiles adore, | f His hands possess
His power confess: | From shore to shore.

---

3 First Part. L. M. *Bath.*

God our Defence. Morning.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood;
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
mf Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

— 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
> I laid me down, and slept secure;
mf Not death should make my heart afraid,
> Though I should wake and rise no more.

mf 4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
f He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

3 Second Part. C. M. *Dundee.*

mp 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Their number—how it multiplies!
How fatal to my peace!

f 2 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

p 3 I cried, and from his holy hill,
He bowed a listening ear:
mf I called my Father, and my God,
> And he subdued my fear.

mf 4 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
> My sweet repose to take;
mf For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

f 5 What though the hosts of death and hell
All armed against me stood?
No terrors now shall shake my soul:
My refuge is my God.

3 THIRD PART. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

mf 1 THOU, gracious Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

mp 2 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
p My sweet repose to take;
— For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

f 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all,
That on his power depend.

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4 FIRST PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

God our Portion.

1 WHAT though th' unthinking world may say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
Lord, for thy light and love we pray:
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

f 2 Then shall our cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine and love so great;
Nor will we change our happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

4 SECOND PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

Rest and Peace in God. Evening.

1 THY favor, gracious Lord, impart,
— With sacred joy to cheer my heart:
Howe'er the corn and wine increase,
Earth ne'er can yield such heavenly peace.

2 With thy protection kindly blest,
> I'll lay me down in peace to rest;
< Safe in thy care—from danger free,
mf To wake on earth—or wake with thee.

4 Third Part. C. M. *Litchfield.*

mp 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
< I am forever thine:
— I fear before thee all the day,
> Nor would I dare to sin.

Len 2 And while I rest my weary head,
— From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

mf 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

> 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
— I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
mf Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

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5 First Part. L. M. *Winchester.*

Communion with God. Sabbath Morning.

1 LORD, hear my words—my spirit see,
p When wrapt in solemn thoughts of thee.
mf My King, my God, my cries attend;
To thee my suppliant prayers ascend.

— 2 Whene'er the morning rays appear,
Thou, Lord, my early voice shalt hear:
f To thee my lifted hands shall rise,
And faith look up with longing eyes.

p 3 O God, thy pure and holy mind
In tents of sin no joy can find:
Far from thy throne shall evil flee,
Nor e'er inhabit, Lord, with thee.

— 4 But I, by boundless mercies led,
Thy temple's sacred courts will tread;
f Up to thy house with joy repair:
Thy mercies shall surround me there.

p 5 Prostrate I'll bow—with fear impressed,
While awe profound inspires my breast;
< And faith, while yet my prayers arise,
f Firm on the Saviour's name relies.

5 SECOND PART. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

P 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

mf 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
> And worship in thy fear.

Aff 5 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
mf Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

5 THIRD PART. C. M. *Bedford*

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

mf 3 Let all thy saints, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
By thee preserved, let them rejoice,
And magnify thy name.

4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend;
And with his favor all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

5 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

p 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

mf 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

p 3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide:
— Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian, still, and guide.

mf 4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

5 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Ormond.*

1 LORD, hear me, when without disguise
My words to thee ascend;
And when my meditations rise,
Oh graciously attend.

2 Before thy throne I'll humbly fall,
And all my troubles bring;
On thee alone for help I'll call,
My righteous God and King.

mf 3 Soon as the morning rays appear,
I'll lift my eyes above;
My voice shall reach thy listening ear,
> And supplicate thy love.

mf 4 Within thy house my voice shall rise
Before thy mercy-seat;
There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
> And worship at thy feet.

— 5 In righteousness thy strength display,
And my protection be;
mf Teach me to know that only way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

6 First Part. L. M. *Bath.*

Severe Chastisements deprecated.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
Oh let it not against me rise.

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrow that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O Lord, in tender mercy heal.

3 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, almighty God, how long?
mf When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

6 Second Part. C. M. *Bether.*

mp 1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God;
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my humble cry:
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And bring salvation nigh.

3 Oh come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

4 Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain:—

5 But hence, thou enemy, depart,
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart;
The Lord has heard my prayer.

7 FIRST PART. L. M. *Timsbury.*

God the righteous Judge.

mf 1 ARISE, O God—with just disdain
The anger of thy foes restrain!
To judgment wake—on thy command
Justice and truth securely stand.

f 2 So shall thy people round thy seat,
In holy crowds, rejoicing meet:
And since on thee our hopes rely,
Return, and fix thy power on high.

7 SECOND PART. L. M. *Luton.*

1 THE Lord is judge—before his throne
All nations shall his justice own:
p Oh may my soul be found sincere,
— And stand approved with courage there.

2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

3 My God, my Shield! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace:
mf Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
f My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

8 FIRST PART. L. M. *Effingham.*

The divine Glory celebrated.

mf 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
f And loud hosannas fill the place.

8 Second Part. L. M. *Alfreton*

The condescending Grace of God.

mf 1 O LORD, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Placed high above the heavenly frame.

mp 2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear:
Beneath th' angelic hosts he bends,
Our sufferings and our guilt to bear.

mf 3 But, lo! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthroned;
He bears our nature to the sky,
O'er all thy works the Ruler crowned.

f 4 Jesus, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine—
Let all the earth resound thy fame.

8 Third Part. C. M. *St. Martin's*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

p 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?—

3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

mf 4 Let him be crowned with majesty,
> Who bowed his head to death;
— And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.

f 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

8 FOURTH PART. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

mp 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
< Through all the world, how great art thou!
f How glorious is thy name!

— 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;—

mp 3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove
— To them so wondrous kind!

p 4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
< Through all the world, how great art thou!
f How glorious is thy name!

8 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

f 1 JEHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
How glorious is thy name!
The blaze of day—the pomp of night,
Thy majesty proclaim.

p 2 Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he thy care should prove;
— That thou for him shouldst deign to plan
f Such mighty acts of love!

— 3 Made in thine image at his birth—
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
> Each privilege he lost.

— 4 Then did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky,—
mf Oh! love too wondrous to conceive!
> For sinful man to die,—

— 5 To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim—
f O great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent thy name!

8 SIXTH PART. S. M. *Dover*

mf 1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
p Lord, what is man—that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

— 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
That from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise.

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9 FIRST PART. C. M. *Lutzen.*

God glorious as a Judge and Deliverer.

f 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song;
Thy wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
> And make his vengeance known.

mp 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
Len And give the weary rest.

mf 4 The men who know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

f 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

9 SECOND PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

p 2 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

3 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

t 4 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
Len To judge and save the poor;
f Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

9 THIRD PART. C. M. *Abridge.*

f 1 TO God, who dwells on Zion's mount,
Your lofty voices raise;
Through all the earth his works recount,
In solemn hymns of praise.

– 2 The Lord in righteousness is known,
In judgment seen by all;
The wicked, who his name disown,
> By their own works shall fall.

mf 3 O Lord, in majesty arise,
The heathen's power assail;
Exalt thyself above the skies,
And let not man prevail.

f 4 Thou art, O God, the righteous Lord,
Thy name shall still endure;
Thy throne of judgment, and thy word,
Shall stand for ever sure.

9 Fourth Part. C. M. *Nottingham.*

Delight in praising God.

f 1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O thou Most High,
ff Triumphant praise I sing.

m 3 Thou art, O Lord, a sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, thy needful aid
In our behalf engage.

f 4 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
ff Thy wondrous works, declare.

10 First Part. L. M. *Danvers*

Jehovah, the Avenger of the Oppressed.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring;
Proclaim the Lord, th' eternal King:
f Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

— 2 Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
> Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
mf While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

— 3 Thy Spirit shall our heart prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
Thou, righteous Judge! thou Power divine!
> On thee the fatherless recline.

mf 4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed;
f Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
Nor sin, nor Satan grieve them more.

10 SECOND PART. C. M. *Burford.*

mp 1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

mf 3 O God, arise—lift up thine hand,
> Attend our humble cry;
mf No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God, our help, is nigh.

4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And lend thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
f And free thy saints from fear.

10 THIRD PART. C. M. *Litchfield.*

1 ARISE, O Lord—lift up thine hand,
And show to all mankind,
That in thy guidance and command
The poor shall safety find.

2 Thou dost ungodliness behold:
Oh then the humble bless!
And with thy sacred love infold
Len The poor and fatherless.

—3 God hears his humble followers' voice,
When offered up in prayer;
mf He bids their thankful hearts rejoice,
Who to his house repair.

4 Those shall in peace and safety live,
Who love God's righteous laws;
f To them he will protection give,
For ever, from their foes.

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11 L. M. *Alfreton.*

God present to save his People.

1 MY refuge is the God of love:
Why do my foes insult and cry,

"Fly, like a timorous, trembling dove,
To distant woods, or mountains fly"?

2 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
His eyes survey the world below:
To him all mortal things are known,
> His eyelids search our spirits through.

—3 If he afflict his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What must the bold transgressors fear!—
His very soul abhors their ways.

4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
mf And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

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12 C. M. *Grafton.*

Divine Aid invoked in Times of great Wickedness.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
They act the flatterer's part:
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,
But with a double heart.

3 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—

4 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

f 5 Yes—saith the Lord—now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.

13 First Part. L. M. *Medway.*

Complaint under the Hiding of God's Countenance.

Aff 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
How long shall I thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
Len I sleep in everlasting night.

— 3 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost:
mf But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
< My heart shall feel thy love—and raise
f My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13 Second Part. C. M. *Dundee.*

mp 1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my afflicted soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

mf 3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
> In death's eternal sleep.

— 4 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
f I shall employ my lips in praise
And thy salvation sing.

13 Third Part. 7s. *Benson.*

Aff 1 LORD of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

2 Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
mf Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Len Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

mp 4 But on mercy I rely—
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart:
mf Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall rejoice my heart.

f 5 Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore;
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore.

13 FOURTH PART. 7s. *Norwich.*

Aff 1 LORD, my God, how long by thee
Shall I quite forgotten be?
Lord, how long?—for ever?—say—
Wilt thou turn thy face away?

2 Ceaseless thoughts my soul perplex;
Daily griefs my spirit vex:
O'er me, lo! my foes bear sway:
Lord, how long?—for ever?—say.

3 Lord, my God, at length arise;
Mark my sorrows, hear my cries:
Lighten thou my eyes that weep,
Lest the sleep of death—I sleep.

4 On thy mercy I repose:
Thee my heart her Saviour knows;
Leaps for joy; and hymns thee, Lord,
Thee, her shield and great reward.

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14 FIRST PART. C. M. *Grafton.*

Atheism arising from Depravity.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
That all religion's vain;
There is no God, who reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

3 By nature, all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

4 Oh that salvation might proceed
From Zion's sacred place,
Till Israel's captives all are freed,
And sing recovering grace.

14 Second Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 ARE sinners now so hardened grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God, confound their pride.

4 Oh! that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!—
f When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

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15 First Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

The Citizen of Zion.

'' 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?—
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:—

2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies—and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

15 Second Part. C. M. *Nottingham.*

" 1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands;—

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong;—

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word;—

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:—
mf This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15 Third Part. 7s. *Lincoln.*

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He, whose words and thoughts are one;—

mp 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
mf Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned
Treads the path by thee ordained;—

— 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done:—
< He, great God, shall be thy care,
mf And thy choicest blessings share.

16 First Part. L. M. *Ellenthorpe.*

Humility of a good Man.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succor to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead:
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

mp 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I am:
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

– 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good I do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
And give their hours to noise and wine:
mf I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16 Second Part. L. M. *St. Paul's.*

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
mf Be glad, my heart—rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

> 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
— Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
f Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

16 THIRD PART. L. M. *Tallis' Ev. Hymn.*

Delight in God and his People.

1 PRESERVE thy faithful servant, Lord,
Who art the refuge of the just;
To me thy sheltering aid afford,
For in thine arm alone I trust.

2 The saints, who dwell the earth around,
I view with pleasure and delight;
But they who other gods have found,
I cast with horror from my sight.

3 I will not mingle with the throng,
Whose guilt their sorrow multiplies;
I will not name them with my tongue,
Nor join their bloody sacrifice.

4 God is my portion here below;
'Tis he, who shall my lot maintain;
His bounty makes my cup o'erflow,
And frees my anxious soul from pain.

5 Thou shalt unto my longing eyes
The path of endless life display;
Where, in thy presence, joys arise,
Which neither languish nor decay.

16 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Medford*

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where God is truly known.

2 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

mf 3 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
— He gives me sweet advice by day,
And keeps me safe by night.

mp 4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;—
mf Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.

16 Fifth Part. C. M. *Dundee*

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express;
My flesh shall rest in hope.

mp 2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are:
Nor quit my body in the grave
> To see corruption there.

mf 3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
f Thy courts immortal pleasure give;
Thy presence joys unknown.

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17 First Part. L. M. *Newmarket.*

Prospect of the Righteous and Wicked contrasted.

1 LORD, I am thine—but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek—they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Aff Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
< I shall behold thy blissful face,
f And stand complete in righteousness.

p 4 This life's a dream—an empty show;
f But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
When shall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

p 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
— Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
f Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

17 Second Part. S. M. *Dover*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastizing rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies—
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
> And all beyond is pain.

— 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
mf The Lord is my inheritance—
My soul can wish no more.

f 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

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18 First Part. L. M. *Danvers.*

Strength and Protection from Jehovah.

1 WITH my whole heart, I'll love thy name,
Jehovah! thee my strength I claim;
My rock, my fortress, where I fly;
f My great deliverer, always nigh.

mp 2 My God! thy names of grace impart
— The strength that cheers my fainting heart:
In thee I trust—nor danger dread,
f Thine arm the buckler o'er my head.

— 3 What can thy horn of power control,
Which wrought salvation for my soul?
f Thou art the tower of my defence;
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

— 4 Thou, gracious Lord, hast heard my cries;
< Beyond our praise thy glories rise;
— And still shall prayer my lips employ,
f Till thou shalt every foe destroy.

18 SECOND PART. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

mf 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

p 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
> And made my sinking soul afraid.

p 3 In my distress, I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint,
< And proved his saving grace divine.

mf 4 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18 THIRD PART. L. M. *Alfreton.*

'' 1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.—

3 That sin, that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will—
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God more faithful, and more kind.

5 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
But men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18 Fourth Part. L. M. *Appleton.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God, beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives—and blessings crown his reign—
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
> While heavenly peace my Father gives

18 Fifth Part. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
mf For thou hast always been my rock,—
A sure defence to me.

— 2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
mf Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

mp 3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
So shall we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

f 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend.

18 Sixth Part. C. M. *London.*

Jehovah coming to reign.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

18 Seventh Part. 8s. & 7s. *Suffolk.*

1 LO! the Lord Jehovah liveth!
He's my rock, I bless his name:
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands, exalt his fame.

2 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend:
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

3 O'er his enemies exalted,
Great Redeemer!—see him rise!
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.

4 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

19 First Part. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.*

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
f What light and joy those leaves afford
p To souls benighted and distressed!
— Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
< And gives a free, but large reward.

p 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
mf Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

19 Second Part. L. M. *Danvers.*

The Heavens declaring the Glory of God.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

p 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—

— 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
mf Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
f And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p 5 What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What! though nor real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

— 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
< And utter forth a glorious voice;
f For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

19 Third Part. L. M. *Hebron.*

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun—the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

mf 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

— 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Aff Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,
mf And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19 Fourth Part. C. M. *Dunchurch.*

Deliverance from Sin implored.

1 GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom, his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?—
Aff Oh! cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

f 3 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I secure, on thy defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

19 Fifth Part. S. M. *Haverhill.*

Aff 1 I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Lord, send thy Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

2 Oh! who can ever find
The error of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

mf 4 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

19 Sixth Part. S. M. *Eastburn.*

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

' ' 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

— 5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

19 SEVENTH PART. S. M. *Mornington.*

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

p 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
mf Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

Aff 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
mf But find the path to heaven.

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20 FIRST PART. L. M. *Nazareth.*

Prayer and Hope in Trouble.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
> Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,—
mf And sends deliverance from on high.

— 2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
> Of humble groans and broken hearts.

Aff 3 Save us, O Lord, from slavish fear,—
f And let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
ff And joy and triumph raise the song.

20 SECOND PART. C. M. *Ely.*

1 THE Lord unto thy prayer attend,
In trouble's darksome hour:
mf The name of Jacob's God defend,
And shield thee by his power;

f 2 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
And triumph in the Lord;
For, when in prayer he hears thy voice,
He will relief afford.

'' 3 In chariots and on horses some
For aid and shelter flee;
— But in thy name, O Lord, we come,
And will remember thee.

4 O Lord, to us salvation bring;
In thee alone we trust;
Hear us, O God, our heavenly King,
Thou refuge of the just!

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21 FIRST PART. L. M. *St. Paul's.*

Christ exalted to reign.

1 BEHOLD the King of Zion rise
To endless glory in the skies!
Thy strength and thy salvation, Lord,
His joy, his triumph, his reward!

2 The Lord his heart's desire completes,
mp From heaven his prayer acceptance meets:
Though bowed to death—intent to save,
— He lifts him from the cross and grave.

mf 3 He asks—th' eternal Lord bestows—
Life from th' unchanging fountain flows!
O'er death the victory he gives—
Th' exalted Saviour ever lives!

4 Hail, Fount of Blessings! placed in thee,
Our life, our strength, our all, we see:
f Aloud our songs thy power proclaim,
And wide we spread thy glorious name.

21 SECOND PART. C. M. *Bedford.*

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

f 1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favored realms rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

p 2 In deep distress, our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
< For life we prayed—thy bounteous hand
mf The timely blessing gave.

— 3 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

f 4 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

22 FIRST PART. L. M. *Medway.*

Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

mp 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

mf 2 But God, his Father, heard his cry—
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

22 SECOND PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

1 "NOW, in the hour of deep distress,
My God, support thy Son,
When horrors dark my soul oppress,
Oh leave me not alone!"

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

f 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted stands;
While all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.

22 Third Part. C. M. *Nottingham*

Goodness of God commemorated.

mp 1 WHEN trouble fills my soul with grief
Oh hide not, Lord, thy face;
For I can hope for no relief,
Unaided by thy grace.

— 2 Our fathers, trusting in thy word,
Reposed their hope in thee;
In thee protection found, O Lord;
f And life and liberty.

— 3 When in thy temple I appear
To hear thy sacred word;
My vows I will perform, and there
Thy benefits record.

4 For thou, from men of low estate,
Wilt not conceal thy face;
But unto those who humbly wait,
Wilt give thy promised grace.

f 5 To all the world will I declare
The greatness of thy name;
Assembled saints my voice shall hear,
As I thy praise proclaim.

22 Fourth Part. C. M. *St. Ann*

ff 1 ALL ye who serve the Lord with fear,
In praise lift up your voice;
Let Jacob's faithful children hear,
Let Israel's sons rejoice.

2 The great, who have his bounty known,
And they who mercy crave,
Alike shall at his feet bow down;
For he alone can save.

3 Throughout the world's extended bound,
His goodness shall be shown;
And every tongue, the earth around,
Shall worship at his throne.

4 His glorious kingdom is divine,
His subjects hear his word;
Through every realm his light shall shine,
And all shall fear the Lord.

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23 First Part. L. M. 6l. *Belville.*

Jehovah, the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
pp Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
— Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
mf My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

—4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
mf With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

23 Second Part. C. M. *Warwick.*

dol 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

p 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
— Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
mf For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

— 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
mf That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

23 THIRD PART. C. M. *Covington.*

dol 1 MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

p 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
— Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
mf Drives all my fears away.

— 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
< Oh may thy house be mine abode,
f And all my work be praise.

23 FOURTH PART. S. M. *Olmutz.*

dol 1 THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
f And full salvation flows.

— 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
f My shepherd's with me there. [shade,

— 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
f And joy exalts my head.

— 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
f Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23 FIFTH PART. S. M. *Haverhill.*

dol 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Aff 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

23 SIXTH PART. 7s. *Benson.*

dol 1 TO thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint—with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

mf 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

— 4 Constant, to my latest end,
< Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
mf And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

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24 First Part. L. M. *Timsbury.*

The Citizen of Zion.

1 THE earth, O Lord, is ever thine,
Its peopled realms, and wealthy stores;
Built on the floods by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

mp2 But who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill?—
-- The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man, that doth thy will.

3 He, who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood;—he shall stand
mf Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

24 Second Part. L. M. *Alfreton*

'' 1 WHO shall ascend the holy hill,
Great God! which all thy glories fill?
Who, in thy temple's hallowed dome,
Secure his everlasting home?

2 Whose hands are clean—whose heart sincere,
Whose purpose pure—whose actions clear,
Whose soul no vanity allures,
And truth his plighted vow secures;—

3 This man the blessing shall receive,
The blessing, which the Lord will give:
f Salvation from his God shall flow,
And righteousness his hand bestow.

—4 These are the men—the chosen seed,
Like Jacob, wrestling as they plead:
They seek, O Lord—they seek thy face,
mf And wait—and find the promised grace.

24 THIRD PART. L. M. *Appleton.*

Triumphal Ascension of Christ.

'' 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory—who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame.
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 "Who is the King of glory—who?"
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

24 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Judea.*

The Citizen of Zion.

' 1 LORD, who, among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?—
He, who has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

2 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those who seek
The God of Jacob's face.

f 3 Now let our souls' immortal powers,
To meet the Lord, prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

4 The King of glory!—who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations—but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Tallis' Chant.*

Triumphal Ascension of Christ.

ıı 1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

24 SIXTH PART. 7s. *Bath Abbey.*

ıı 1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in."
Hark, th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again, the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

2 "He, whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He, who hath the victory won,
He, who saved a ruined world:—

He, who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He, whose truth with blood was sealed;
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

3 "Who shall to this blest abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They, who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain:
They, whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith, and holy fear,
Fervent zeal, and grateful love;—
They shall dwell forever here."

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25 First Part. C. M. *Medfield.*

Prayer for Divine Guidance and Pardon.

Aff 1 SHOW me, O Lord, thy sacred way,
Thy truths to me relate;
For thou art God, whom I obey;
On thee I daily wait.

2 Remember not in anger, Lord,
The errors of my youth;
But let thy mercy help afford,
According to thy truth.

3 O Lord, on me compassion take,
Who have despised thy word;
And for thy name and mercy's sake,
Thy pardoning love afford.

4 O keep my soul, and set me free,
Preserve me, Lord, from shame;
mf For I have placed my hope in thee,
And trusted in thy name.

25 Second Part. S. M. *Watchman.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
mf And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

25 THIRD PART. S. M. *Cedron.*

Mercy of God to the Faithful.

Aff 1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
Oh! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
mf And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
— In mercy think on me.

mf 4 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

25 FOURTH PART. S. M. *Mornington.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.

Aff 2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
mf Bring thy salvation near:
— When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?

Aff 4 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
< For I have placed my only trust
f In my Redeemer's name.

mp 5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
mf ! ! Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
— He sought the Lord in vain.

25 Fifth Part. S. M. *Dover.*

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
mf Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

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26 First Part. L. M. *Tallis' Ev. Hymn.*

Conscious Integrity.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord—and prove my ways;
And try my reins—and try my heart:
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 Among thy saints will I appear
Arrayed in robes of innocence;
But, when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

mf 3 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple, where thine honors dwell,
There shall I hear thy holy word,
f And there thy works of wonder tell.

— 4 Let not my soul be joined, at last,
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints—and near my God.

26 SECOND PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

Delight in the Presence and Worship of God.

1 WE love thy holy temple, Lord,
For there thou deign'st to dwell;
And there the heralds of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

p 2 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
Washed from each guilty stain,
< Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
f To heaven's eternal fane.

Aff 3 Around thine altar will we kneel
In penitence sincere,
mf A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
— And words of pardon hear;—

< 4 Or, mingling with the choral throng,
f Our joyful voices raise,
ff And pour the full, melodious song,
In notes of grateful praise.

26 THIRD PART. 7s. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

Aff 1 SEARCH my heart,—my actions prove,
Try my thoughts, as they arise;
For thy kindness and thy love
Ever are before my eyes.

mf 2 I have loved the hallowed place,
Where thine honor doth abide;
To the temple of thy grace,
— Lord, my erring footsteps guide!

3 Gather not my soul with those,
Who their deeds of blood pursue;
Who, thy justice to oppose,
Hold the tempting bribe to view.

4 Keep my soul from all offence;
All my supplications hear;
As I walk in innocence,
Let me, Lord, thy mercy share.

mf 5 Thou hast placed my foot aright,
Therefore I my voice will raise,
With thy saints—before thy sight,
In unceasing hymns of praise.

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27 First Part. C. M. *Stephens.*

God resorted to in Trouble and Desertion.

'' 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
f God is my strength—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

— 2 One privilege my heart desires—
Aff Oh! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

mf 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

— 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

f 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
ff And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27 Second Part. C. M. *Patmos.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

p 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
< God of my life, I fly to thee,
> In each distressing day.

— 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
> Leave me to want, or die,
— My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

f 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit, when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27 THIRD PART. 7s. *Norwich.*

1 WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer!

2 When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!"

3 Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;—

mf 4 Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,
He my guardian, father, friend!

27 FOURTH PART. 7s. *Norwich*

1 GRACIOUS Lord, disclose thy way,
In thy path my feet sustain:
While my foes my steps survey,
Make the path of duty plain:—

2 Nor my fainting spirit yield
To the foes which round me rise;
From the great accuser shield,
Cruel power, or slanderous lies.

3 Had not faith revived my breast,
Oft my soul had sunk in wo;
Now, through life, assured I rest,
All thy goodness, Lord, to know.

mf 4 Wait, then, Israel, on the Lord;
Still with courage cheer thy heart:
Wait—for faithful is his word,
He will grace and strength impart.

28 C. M. *St. Ann's.*

Divine Interposition acknowledged.

mf 1 BLEST be the Lord, who heard my prayer,
The Lord—my shield—my song;
Who saved my soul from sin and fear,
And tuned with praise my tongue.

mp 2 When in the hour of deep distress,
Of foes and death afraid,
— My spirit trusted in his grace,
And sought, and found his aid.

mf 3 O blest Redeemer—glorious Lord!
Thy shield—thy strength shall be
The shield—the saving strength of all,
Who love, and trust in thee.

mp 4 Remember, Lord, thy chosen seed;
Oh save from guilt and wo;
— Thy flocks in richest pastures feed,
And guard from every foe.

f 5 Zion exalt—her cause defend;
With joy her courts surround;
Let showers of heavenly grace descend,
And saints thy praise resound.

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29 First Part. L. M. *Monmouth.*

Jehovah, the Universal King.

f'' 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Through every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
O'er earth he reigns forever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

p 4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

29 Second Part. L. M. *Dunstan.*

ff 1 SONS of the mighty! rise, and bring
Your offerings to th' eternal King:
Own 'tis Jehovah, while you rise,
Your glory and your strength supplies.

2 His word, all powerful to fulfil
Th' eternal counsels of his will,
With awful majesty arrayed,
Subdues the world his hand has made.

3 The mountains bow—the cedars rend,
Lo! at his high command they bend!
So through the world his gospel ran,
And bowed the rebel heart of man.

4 His word, like lightning from the skies,
Strikes deep—and quick conviction flies:
The nations tremble and adore,
Through earth, to its remotest shore.

f 5 Jesus is king!—enthroned on high,
He reigns through all eternity!
His glory shall his church increase,
With strength divine, and endless peace!

29 Third Part. L. M. *Timsbury*

ff 1 YE mighty rulers of the land,
Give praise and glory to the Lord;
And while before his throne ye stand,
His great and powerful acts record.

2 Oh render unto God above
The honors which to him belong;
And in the temple of his love,
Let worship flow from every tongue.

3 His voice is heard the earth around,
When through the heavens his thunders roll;
The troubled ocean hears the sound,
And yields itself to his control.

4 When he upon the lightning rides,
His voice in loudest thunder speaks;
The fiery element divides,
And earth to its deep centre shakes.

5 God on the floods has fixed his throne,
His government shall never cease;
He shall his power and strength make known,
And bless his chosen sons with peace.

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30 L. M. *Winchelsea.*

Divine Compassion acknowledged.

mf 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God, can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace—how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days;
p Though grief and tears the night employ,
f The morning star restores the joy.

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31 First Part. L. M. *Pomfret.*

Confidence in God.

1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Aff Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

f 2 Thou art my rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
Aff Oh make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wandering feet.

f 3 Blest be the Lord—forever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove;
Those sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

— 4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
f Let sacred courage fill your heart!
— Hope in the Lord—and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

31 SECOND PART. C. M. *Litchfield.*

God praised for his merciful Protection.

f 1 COME, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

p 2 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
< His face celestial morning sheds,
f And joy revives the heart.

p 3 To thee, my God, oppressed with grief,
I breathed my humble cry;
< Thy mercy brought divine relief,
> And wiped my weeping eye.

— 4 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
< And snatched me from the grave;
f Oh may thy praise employ that breath,
Which mercy deigns to save.

31 THIRD PART. C. M. *Dunchurch*

1 IN thee, O Lord, I place my trust,
Preserve my soul from shame;
Thou art the refuge of the just,
And righteous is thy name.

2 Of grace, how boundless is the store
Thy children shall receive,
Who love thy word—thy name adore,
And in thy service live!

f 3 To God, the Lord, who dwells above,
Let songs of praise resound;
Who with his never-failing love
Has fenced my city round.

— 4 Oh! love the Lord, ye pure in heart;
He shall your prayers regard:
But ye, who from his ways depart,
Shall meet your just reward.

mf 5 All ye who on the Lord rely,
And rest your hopes above,
He shall with strength your hearts supply,
And bless you with his love.

31 Fourth Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame;
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

p 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
< And speedy succor send;
mf Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

— 3 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name;
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

f 4 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will yet your hearts supply
With strength, in time of need.

31 Fifth Part. S. M. *Hudson.*

1 THY goodness, Lord, how great!
Eternally the same!
Before the sons of men laid up
For those who fear thy name.

2 Thy presence shall protect;
Thy watchful care shall hide:
In the pavilion of thy love,
Secure thy saints abide.

f 3 Forever bless the Lord,
His great salvation tell:
— His marvellous loving-kindness keeps
The city where we dwell.

4 Despond not of his truth,
Nor yield to anxious grief:
> God heard my voice, when in distress
< I sought—and found relief.

32 FIRST PART. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

Blessedness of the Penitent and Pardoned.

'' 1 BLEST is the man—forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy—his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

3 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While brightest evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

32 SECOND PART. L. M. *Medway*

1 I SPREAD my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

2 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk—thy watchful eye
mf Shall guide me safe from every snare.

32 THIRD PART. S. M. *Bladenburg.*

1 OH! blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest—to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

mp 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
— Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
But I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

mf 4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
> Our help, in times of deep distress,
f Is found in God alone.

33 C. M. *Nottingham.*

Rejoicing in God.

f'' 1 LET all the just, to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves—and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

4 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

34 FIRST PART. L. M. *Hague.*

Praise for signal Deliverance.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God—and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

p 3 I told him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
— He gave my inward pains relief,
p And calmed the tumult of my fears.

— 4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
mf Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Accept his grace—and trust his word.

34 Second Part. C. M. *Corinth.*

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honor of his name;
p In deep distress I cried;
— Nor was my hope exposed to shame,
Nor was my suit denied.

p 3 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
— He gave my sharpest sorrows ease,
And silenced all my fears.

mf 4 Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

5 Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How greatly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

34 Third Part. C. M. *St. Martin's*

Trusting and Praising God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress, to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

34 Fourth Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 THEE will I bless, O Lord, my God,
To thee my voice I'll raise,
Forever spread thy fame abroad,
And daily sing thy praise.

2 My soul shall glory in the Lord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;
Oh let us now his love record,
And magnify his name.

3 Mine eyes beheld his heavenly light,
When I implored his grace;
I saw his glory with delight,
And joy beamed o'er my face.

4 Oh taste and see the Lord is good,
Ye, who on him rely;
He shall your souls with heavenly food
And strengthening aid supply.

35 8. 7. & 4. *Tamworth.*

Christ exalted over his Enemies.

1 LO! the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
Quits the grave, the throne to claim;
Object of his endless favor,
God o'er all exalts his name;

Those who hate him——
Clothed with everlasting shame.

f 2 Shout for joy—with songs of praises,
Ye, who in his name delight:
Shout—for God our Saviour raises
To his throne, in endless might!
'Tis Jehovah——
Crowns our Lord in realms of light!

3 God his servant lifts to glory,
Bids him all his honors share:
Now, Jehovah, we adore thee,
And thy righteousness declare:
Endless praises——
Shall thy ransomed church prepare.

36 First Part. L. M. *St. Paul's.*

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails thy just and wise designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
> The sons of Adam, in distress,
— Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

mf 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36 SECOND PART. L. M. *Hague*

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
How deep, great God, thy judgments are
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 With thee the springs of life remain,
mf Thy presence is eternal day;—
Aff Oh let thy saints thy favor gain!
mf To upright hearts—thy truth display.

36 THIRD PART. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

1 ABOVE these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

mf 2 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
— Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathomed sea.

3 Though all created light decay,
> And death close up our eyes;
f Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

36 FOURTH PART. S. M. *Olmutz.*

mp 1 SURE there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
— Shall one great day appear.

mf 2 His truth transcends the sky,
— In heaven his mercies dwell;
< Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
> His anger burns to hell.

mf 3 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
Aff Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

37 First Part. C. M. *Ormond.*

God the Guardian of the Pious.

1 NOW let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good:
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

2 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

3 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
mf Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

— 4 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

37 Second Part. C. M. *Arlington.*

mp 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall—they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

mf 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

f!! 3 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

dol 4 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend—
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
Len And peaceful is his end.

38 C. M. *Grafton.*

Severe Chastisement deprecated.

Aff 1 AMID thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone:
The burden, Lord, I cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

p 3 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.

mf 4 Thou art my God—my only hope;
And thou wilt hear my cry;
Thou, Lord, wilt bear my spirit up,
Nor let thy servant die.

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39 First Part. L. M. *Windham.*

Brevity of human Life.

Aff 1 OH let me, gracious Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end!
What are my days?—a span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life, advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers!—here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

4 Oh spare me, Lord—in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair,
E'er, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
Len I perish—and am seen no more.

39 SECOND PART. L. M. *Medway.*

1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
To spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Aff 3 Oh, be a heavenly portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
mf Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

39 THIRD PART. C. M. *Wachusett.*

mp 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

mf '' 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

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40 FIRST PART. C. M. *Nottingham.*

Trust in God and Deliverance.

mp 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

f '' 2 Firm on a rock—he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

40 Second Part. C. M. *Jordan.*

Incarnation and Atonement of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blest Redeemer comes,
The eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

2 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
He preached the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

3 His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
f But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

40 Third Part. C. M. *Bedford.*

mf 1 O LORD, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
f Let earth beneath—let heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

— 2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
> To death—and endless wo.

'' 3 Then—"Lo! I come" the Saviour said—
mf Oh be his name adored!—
Who with his blood, our ransom paid,
And life, and bliss restored.

f 4 O Lord, how infinite thy love.
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath—let heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

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41 First Part. L. M. 6l. *Belville.*

Blessedness of the Merciful.

1 BLEST who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:—
In every want—in every wo,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard—thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

41 Second Part. L. M. *Quito*

1 BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 Or, if he languish on his bed,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save from death his sinking head,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

41 Third Part. C. M. *Litchfield.*

Blessedness of the Merciful.

1 HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When he's by trouble compassed round,
Len The Lord shall give him rest.

— 2 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
mf And inward strength supply.

f 3 Let, therefore, Israel's Lord and God
Through every age be praised;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud hosannas raised.

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42 First Part. L. M. *Hingham*

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord—and praise him too;
He is my rest—my sure relief.

mf 4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

42 Second Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

mp 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
mf And thy refreshing grace.

— 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
> My thirsty soul doth pine;
mf Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

" 3 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Trust God—and he'll employ
His aid for thee—and change these sighs
mf To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Hope still—and thou shalt sing
f The praise of him, who is thy God,
And heaven's eternal King.

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43 First Part. L. M. *Medway.*

Resorting to God in Troubles.

p 1 GREAT God—our strength—to thee we cry,
Oh let us not forgotten lie;
Oppressed with sorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.

2 Oh let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worship at thy sacred seat.

f 3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful song inspire;
To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
Our sure defence—our constant aid.

4 Why, then, cast down—and why distressed?
And whence the grief, that fills our breast?
In God we'll hope—to God we'll raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise.

43 Second Part. L. M. *Hebron.*

1 GOD of my strength—in thee alone
A refuge from distress I see;
Oh! why hast thou thine aid withdrawn?
Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me?

2 Oh let thy light my footsteps guide,
Thy love and truth my spirit fill;
That in thy house I may reside,
And worship at thy holy hill.

3 Then will I at thine altar bend;
My harp its softest notes shall raise;
< And from my lips to heaven ascend
f The song of thankfulness and praise.

— 4 Why, then, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why art thou anxious and distressed?
Hope thou in God—his mercy own,
For I shall yet enjoy his rest.

43 THIRD PART. C. M. *Bedford.*

p 1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race ;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

mf 2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
> And am I left to mourn?
p To sink in sorrow—and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

Aff 3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear ;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

mf 4 Then to thine altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
f And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

43 FOURTH PART. 7s. 6L. *Turin.*

mp 1 JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness ;
Plead for me in my distress :
Good and merciful thou art ;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart:
Cast me not despairing hence ;
Be my love, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth, to guide,
Leave me not to turn aside ;
On thy holy hill I'd rest,
mf In thy courts forever blest :
There to God, my hope, my joy,
f Praise shall all my powers employ.

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44 FIRST PART. L. M. *Medway.*

Divine Aid implored in national Distress.

1 WHY should thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal ;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long-afflicted state?

mp 2 Behold! our soul with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends;
And, while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth, deserted lies.

mf 3 Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim;
Redeem us, and exalt thy name:
Rise for our help, almighty Lord!
Salvation shall attend thy word.

44 SECOND PART. L. M. *Danvers*

National Deliverances ascribed to God.

1 OFT have our ears, great God, been taught
What for our fathers thou hast wrought,
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of thy works of old.

2 Still we disclaim the bow or sword,
And wait for thy salvation, Lord:
mf On thee we trust—thy mercies claim,
Whose presence puts all foes to shame.

— 3 From morning dawn to evening close,
On thee, O Lord, our hopes repose:
f To thy great name, with joy, we'll raise
Triumphant songs of grateful praise.

44 THIRD PART. C. M. *Stamford.*

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage—nor their sword
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number—nor their strength
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand—thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
Oh, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

f 5 To thee, the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

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45 First Part. L. M. *Effingham.*

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love!

2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee—Lord.

45 Second Part. C. M. *Medford*

f''1 GIRD on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
p Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
< And make the world obey.

f''2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
p A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
<> To rule thy saints by love.

f''3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
p Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
< And make the world obey.

45 Third Part. S. M. *Southfield.*

1 MY Saviour, and my King,
Thy honors are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
f And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

3 Now make thy glory known,
< Gird on thy powerful sword,
f And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

— 4 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey;
< While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
f Attend thy glorious way.

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46 FIRST PART. L. M. *Hebron.*

God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

mf 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

f 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
p In sacred peace our souls abide,
— While every nation—every shore
< Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

p 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

— 4 That sacred stream—thine holy word,
Supports our faith—our fear controls:
p Sweet peace thy promises afford,
— And give new strength to fainting souls.

f 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
ff Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth—and armed with power.

46 SECOND PART. L. M. *Winchester.*

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice—
The nations melt—the tumult dies.

p 2 Be still—and learn that he is God;
— He reigns exalted o'er the lands;
mf He will be known and feared abroad,
But still his throne in Zion stands.

p 3 O Lord of hosts—almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
— Our faith shall sit secure, and sing,
f Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

46 Third Part. L. M. *Winchester.*

mf 1 THE Lord in Zion ever reigns,
And o'er her holds his guardian hand;
Her worship and her laws maintains,
Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand.

mp 2 Oh come, behold what he has done,
Whom we delight to call our Lord;
f The vict'ries, which his arm has won;
And faithfully his deeds record.

- 3 He maketh war on earth to cease;
He breaks the bow—he cuts the dart,
The chariot burns—and sheds his peace
O'er every nation—every heart.

p 4 Be still—and hear the Lord proclaim—
— “I will above the heathen rise;
< “O'er all the earth exalt my name,
ff “And spread my triumphs through the skies.”

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47 First Part. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

Exultation in the Reign of Jehovah.

f 1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And shout with triumph while you sing
Of God—who all the earth commands—
Of God—the dreadful, mighty King.

2 The trumpet swells along the sky;
We hear the joyful, solemn sound;
The righteous God ascends on high,
And shouts of gladness echo round.

— 3 The Lord, who o'er the earth bears sway,
Sits on his throne of holiness;
The heathen now his laws obey:
Let all the earth his praise express.

ff 4 Loud praises to Jehovah sing,
In hymns of joy his love proclaim;
Sing praises to the heavenly King,
Adore and bless his sacred name.

47 SECOND PART. L. M. *Sharon*

Praise to the exalted Redeemer.

f 1 JESUS, the Lord, ascends on high!
He reigns in glory o'er the sky!
Let all the earth its offerings bring,
Exalt his name—proclaim him king!

2 Wide—thro' the world—he spreads his sway,
And bids the heathen lands obey,
His church with willing offerings greet,
And bend submissive at her feet.

3 His reign the heathen lands shall own:
His holiness secures his throne;
And earthly princes gather round,
Where Christ—the mighty God, is found.

4 Princes by him their power extend,
Earth's mightiest kings to Jesus bend:
He bids them rule—he bids them die,
Himself o'er all exalted high!

47 THIRD PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

f!! 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign king!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout, and praise their king,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

p 4 Speak of his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

f 5 Loud be the shouts of sacred joy
To God the sovereign king!
ff Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

47 Fourth Part. C. M. *Arlington.*

f 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

4 O shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

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48 First Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

God's Presence the Safety and Glory of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
f How bright—has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

— 3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
f In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

— 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
mf Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48 Second Part. S. M. *Dover.*

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs—the solemn vows;—
And make a fair report.—

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

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50 First Part. C. M. *Burford.*

Jehovah coming to Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids all the earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder, and darkness—fire,and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven, from above, his call shall hear;
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

50 SECOND PART. 8. 7. & 4. *Greece*

1 LO! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him!——
Universal nature shakes!

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! he comes!—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him——
Hasten on the dreadful day!

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries;—
"Souls immortal, now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment——
Let my throne adorn the skies!

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:—
Blest Redeemer!——
Dearest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment——
God, himself the judge, is there!

51 First Part. L. M. *Windham.*

Pardon and Sanctification penitently implored.

Aff 1 SHOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great—but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
mf Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51 Second Part. L. M. *Denton.*

Aff 1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
mf Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

51 Third Part. L. M. *Middlebury.*

Aff 1 THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

PP 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Len Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
<> And save the soul condemned to die.

Danvers.
mf 4 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
f And they shall praise a pardoning God.

5 Oh! may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
ff And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

51 Fourth Part. L. M. *Munich*

Aff 1 OH turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued;
A conscience pure—a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.

3 Oh let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

51 Fifth Part. C. M. *Barby.*

Aff 1 CLEANSE me, O Lord—and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love:
Oh make my wounded spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

2 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

3 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

51 Sixth Part. C. M. *Medfield.*

1 NO blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

2 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
The Lord will ne'er despise;
An humble groan—a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

Aff 3 O God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down the separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

4 Give me the presence of thy grace;
< Then my rejoicing tongue
f Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

51 Seventh Part. S. M. *Little Marlboro'.*

Aff 1 ACCORDING to thy word,
Let me thy mercy prove;
Blot out my past transgressions, Lord,
And save me by thy love.

2 Wash me from every stain
Which vice and guilt impart;
Let me, O Lord, thy love regain,
And cleanse my sinful heart.

3 To me thy love restore;
From trouble set me free;
That sinners may thine aid implore.
And turn in faith to thee.

4 Oh let thy peace and love
O'er Zion's city spread;
— Build up her walls—her works approve,
And blessings round her shed.

mf 5 Then shall their offerings rise
In truth and righteousness;
Thou shalt receive their sacrifice,
And all thy people bless.

51 EIGHTH PART. S. M. *Bethany.*

Aff 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

mf 5 The joy thy favor gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

51 NINTH PART. S. M. *Hudson.*

1 NO offering God requires,
No victims please his eye;
Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.

2 The humble, contrite breast,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts on which his love can rest,
Nor will the Lord despise.

3 Thy mercies from above
To Zion, Lord, extend:
mf Built by thy power—and watched with love,
Now let her walls ascend.

4 Well pleased, thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praise arise,
Presented at the throne to thee,
With Jesus' sacrifice.

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55 First Part. C. M. *Burford.*

Resorting to God in Times of Distress.

Aff 1 MY God, thine ear indulgent bend,
Nor turn thy face away:
From heaven my earnest cries attend,
While in distress I pray.

2 My heart is pained—the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breath,
And horrors whelm my head.

3 Thus, from within, the bursting sigh
Mounts to the throne above—
Oh that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!

'' 4 Swift I'd escape—I'd flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hid from the world's wide scene of care,
And rest my troubled mind.

mf 5 I'd stretch my everlasting flight,
And bid the world farewell,
From sin and strife—to realms of light,
p Where peace and quiet dwell.

55 Second Part. C. M. *Berwick.*

Aff 1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

mf 2 By morning light I'll seek thy face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask thy grace,
Nor wilt thou long deny.

3 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

4 I cast my burdens on the Lord;
The Lord sustains them all;
f My faith shall rest upon his word,
And I shall never fall.

55 Third Part. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain:
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny,
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

55 Fourth Part. S. M. *Mornington.*

God's Favor preferred to the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

Aff 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

mf 5 But I—with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
f The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

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56 First Part. L. M. 6 l. *Zion.*

Excellence of the Word of God.

'' 1 COME, all ye servants of the Lord,
And praise him for his sacred word—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace so freely given,
And shows the path to God and heaven;
f Oh bless we, then, our gracious Lord
For all the treasures of his word.

56 Second Part. C. M. *Worksop.*

Trusting God in the midst of Enemies.

1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

mf 2 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
> The offspring of the dust.

— 3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
f I'll sing how faithful is thy word;
How righteous all thy ways!

— 4 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
Oh set thy servant free,
f That heart and hand—and life and breath
May be employed for thee.

56 THIRD PART. C. M. *Colchester.*

1 LORD, I have thee my refuge made,
Thy laws have been my choice;
Therefore I will not be afraid,
But in thy word rejoice.

2 To thee my solemn vows I'll pay,
And show thy righteous ways;
With grateful heart thy will obey,
And lift my voice in praise.

3 Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
Do thou my fears destroy;
That till I yield to thee my breath,
I may thy light enjoy.

57 FIRST PART. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God! my heart is fixed—'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God! in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

57 Second Part. L. M. *Winchelsea*

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
p Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
— Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I raise my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm

f 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
— Thy power on earth be known abroad,
< And land to land thy wonders tell.

57 Third Part. L. M. *St. Paul's.*

f 1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed—my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue—the glory of my frame.

— 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

f 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

57 Fourth Part. L. M. *Arnheim.*

1 ETERNAL God—celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake my tongue—awake, my lyre,
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those, who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land—the earth around,
Shall hear—and in thy name rejoice.

5 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

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60 C. M. *Bedford.*

Relief from national Judgments implored.

mp 1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Aff Oh heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

f 3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

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61 First Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

God a Refuge in Trouble.

mf 1 HAIL, gracious Source of every good,
Our Saviour and defence,
Thou art our glory, and our shield,
Our help and confidence.

mp 2 When anxious fears disturb the breast,
When threatening foes are nigh,
To thee we pour our deep complaint,
To thee for succor fly.

f 3 Jesus, our Lord—our only hope,
> Before thy throne we bow:
f Thou art our strength—and thou the Rock
Whence living waters flow.

61 SECOND PART. S. M. *Mornington.*

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

Aff 2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
f Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

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62 FIRST PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

Trusting in God for Protection.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears—in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail—and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

62 SECOND PART. C. M. *Dunchurch.*

1 ON God, my soul, with patient hope,
Resigned, in silence wait;
He bears my sinking spirit up,
Then let my joy be great.

f 2 God my salvation shall complete;
From him my glory springs:
Rock of my strength! my soul shall wait
Its refuge in his wings.

3 My Rock! my Saviour! my defence!
My everlasting stay!
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.

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63 First Part. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.*

Delight in God and his Worship.

1 O GOD—my gracious God—to thee
My early prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant!
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 Oh! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

63 Second Part. L. M. *Leyden.*

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good—thou just and wise,
Thou art my father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son—thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

f 4 I'll lift my hands—I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

63 Third Part. L. M. *Alfreton.*

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For, whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

f 4 Praise with my heart—my mind—my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

63 Fourth Part. C. M. *Lanesboro'.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink—or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine—
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself—with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

f 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king;
— Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
f And tune my lips to sing.

63 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Nottingham.*

'' 1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 While I lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 I strive to mount thy holy hill,
I walk the heavenly road;
Thy glories all my spirit fill,
While I commune with God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing;
f My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

63 SIXTH PART. S. M. *Shirland.*

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
mf To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are
p And all thy dealings kind.

— 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
mf My cheerful hope relies.

— 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
mf I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

65 FIRST PART. L. M. *Winchelsea.*

Worship of God in his Temple.

f 1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits—thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And there our zealous vows complete.

p 2 O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
— To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 How blest the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy heavenly dwelling lives;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
f The vast delight thy temple gives.

65 SECOND PART. L. M. *Winchester.*

mf 1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
Great God—and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;—
f All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

f 3 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill—and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

65 THIRD PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

ff 1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The morn and evening both rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant food the valleys yield ;
The plains shall shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

4 Thy work's pronounce thy power divine ;
O'er every field thy glories shine ;
Through every month thy gifts appear :
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

65 FOURTH PART. C M. *Nottingham.*

1 THE Lord is good, the heavenly king,
He makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The times and seasons—days and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And all the laborers sing.

4 The various months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

65 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Litchfield.*

Worship of God in his Temple.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

p 2 O Lord, our guilt and fears prevail,
— But pardoning grace is thine,
mf And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
f And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

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66 First Part. L. M. *Appleton.*

Praise to Christ.

f'' 1 JESUS demands the voice of joy,
Loud through the land let triumph ring;
His honors should your songs employ,
Let glorious praises hail the king.

2 Shout to the Lord—adoring own,
Thy works thy wondrous might disclose,
Thine arm victorious power has shown;
Thus did thy cross confound thy foes!

3 Low, at that cross, the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove;
While grateful strains in concert flow,
To sing thy power, and praise thy love.

f 4 Oh bless our God, ye nations round;
People and lands, rehearse his name:
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
Let every tongue his praise proclaim.

66 Second Part. C. M. *Marlow.*

Praise to the Creator.

f 1 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

p 2 And let them say—How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

— 3 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

4 Oh come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,
That he, to all the sons of men,
Has wondrous judgments shown.

f 5 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

66 THIRD PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

f 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

— 2 Say to the power that formed the sky,
How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow.

f 3 Oh bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life—maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

66 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Clarendon.*

Praise for Redemption.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power,
Who heard the long request I made
In my distressful hour.

f 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

— 3 When on my head deep sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

f 5 But God—his name be ever blest—
Has set my spirit free;
He ne'er rejected my request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

66 Fifth Part. C. M. *Stephens.*

f'' 1 O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
Sing praises to his name;
Let all the earth, with one accord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;—

2 And let his faithful servants tell
How, by redeeming love,
Their souls are saved from death and hell,
To share the joys above;—

— 3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
Forbids their feet to slide;
And, as they run the Christian race,
Vouchsafes to be their guide.

f 4 Oh, then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed of the Lord;
Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
His presence your reward.

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67 First Part. C. M. *Bedford.*

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

f 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

67 Second Part. S. M. *Thatcher.*

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

f 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

— 3 Oh let them shout and sing,
Dissolved in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

ff 4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

67 Third Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

1 O GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed name.

3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise;
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise!

4 Oh let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

67 Fourth Part. S. M. *Paddington*

1 THOU shalt, O Lord, descend,
And all the kingdoms bless;
Throughout the earth thy realm extend,
And judge in righteousness.

2 The fruitful earth shall yield
A rich, increasing store;
And God, who is to us revealed,
His choicest gifts shall pour.

3 The blessings of his grace
He shall to us make known;
Till all the earth his laws embrace,
And his dominion own.

f 4 Let all the people raise
The loud thanksgiving voice;
Let every nation sing thy praise,
And every tongue rejoice.

67 Fifth Part. 7s. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.

f 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

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68 First Part. L. M. *Appleton.*

The Majesty of Jehovah.

f'' 1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 God is our shield—our joy—our rest;
God is our King—proclaim him blest:
When terrors rise—when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

68 SECOND PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

ff 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68 THIRD PART. L. M. *Dunstan.*

The Goodness and Compassion of God

1 BLEST be the Lord—the God of love,
Who showers his blessings from above;
The rock, on which the righteous trust,
The hope and saviour of the just.

2 He to his saints redemption gives,
The weak and humble he relieves;
mf Supported by his grace we stand,
For life and death are in his hand.

mp 3 He views his children in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
And, from his holy seat above,
Supports them with his tender love.

— 4 All they who make his laws their choice,
Shall in his promises rejoice;
f With gladness in their hearts, shall raise,
Before his throne, triumphant praise.

68 FOURTH PART. 8. 7. & 4. *Sicilian Hymn*

1 BLESS our God, his grace confessing,
Whom his church above adores;
Who, with daily loads of blessing,
From on high his Spirit pours:
God our Saviour——
For his church salvation stores.

2 Him, in whom, as God, we glory,
God our Saviour we proclaim;
Life and death, O Lord, adore thee,
Yielding at thy awful name:
f Thou shalt triumph——
And th' eternal victory claim.

— 3 At his feet, while prostrate falling,
Jesus breaks the serpent's head;
He, for mighty vengeance calling,
On his proudest foe shall tread:
f Thou, the conqueror——
Shalt thy church to victory lead.

68 FIFTH PART. 7's. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 LORD, thy church hath seen thee rise,
To thy temple in the skies:
God my Saviour! God my King!
Still thy ransomed round thee sing.

2 When, in glories all divine,
Through the earth thy church shall shine,
Kings, in prayer and praise, shall wait,
Bending at thy temple's gate.

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69 FIRST PART. L. M. *Medway*

Pardon implored.

Aff TO thee, great God, I make my prayer;
Do thou my supplications hear:
Let me not sink, o'erwhelmed in grief,
But kindly send my soul relief.

2 Oh let me now thy goodness prove,
p Thy tender mercies, and thy love;
Turn not away, O Lord, thy face,
But hear, and heal me with thy grace.

f 3 So shall my song to thee arise,
Thy praise shall echo through the skies:
Through all the earth will I proclaim
The greatness of Jehovah's name.

69 SECOND PART. L. M. *Windham.*

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

Aff 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

mf 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

Aff 3 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive —
And let the mourning sinner live;—
< The Lord will hear us in his name,
mf Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

69 THIRD PART. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

f 4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

70 C. M. *St. Martin's.*

Prayer for Divine Aid.

Aff 1 GREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
Oh let thy grace prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray;
mf In mercy hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

f 3 Let all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

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71 First Part. C. M. *Warwick.*

Praise to God, the Saviour.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
mf And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

p 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
mf I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

f 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

71 SECOND PART. C. M. *Blackburn.*

Sustaining Grace implored.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

— 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

p 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
mf Teach all the world thy love!

71 THIRD PART. C. M. *Cheltenham.*

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

f 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

72 First Part. L. M. *Danvers.*

Universal Reign of Christ.

mf 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
< Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
f Extend his power—exalt his throne.

dol 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distils,
Like heavenly dew, on thirsty hills.

— 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
< Revive at his first dawning light,
mf And deserts blossom at the sight.

— 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise,
p < Peace, like a river, from his throne,
f Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72 Second Part. L. M. *Monmouth.*

'' 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
f And praises throng to crown his head;
— His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

f 3 People and realms of every tongue
> Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
— And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
mf The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
> The weary find eternal rest,
— And all the sons of want are blest.

f''5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72 THIRD PART. S. M. *St. Thomas'.*

f 1 THE Saviour's glorious name
Forever shall endure,
Long as the sun, his matchless fame
Shall ever stand secure.

2 Wonders of grace and power
To thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore,
In everlasting song.

3 O Israel, bless him still,
His name to honor raise;
Let all the earth his glory fill,
Midst songs of grateful praise.

p 4 Jehovah—God most high!
f We spread thy praise abroad;
Through all the world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God!

72 FOURTH PART. 7's. *Lincoln.*

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

f 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

73 FIRST PART. L. M. *Middlebury.*

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honor shine!

Aff 2 But oh! their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
< Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
mf My life, my portion, and my God.

73 SECOND PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

God the Portion of the Soul.

1 GOD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
> When sinking in despair.

— 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while the earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke.
And flesh and heart should faint,
f Thou art my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

— 5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
> Shall be my sweet employ;
f My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73 Third Part. C. M. *Corinth.*

1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

mp 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
mf Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
mp And calm each anxious fear.

f 4 Yes—thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

73 Fourth Part. S. M. *Olmutz.*

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

'' 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word with light and power
Does my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learn his end.

p 5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
Len And oh! that dreadful, fiery deep
> That waits their fall below!

— 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
< I call my God my portion now,
mf And all my powers are thine.

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76 H. M. *Bethesda.*

God only to be feared and worshipped.

1 THY glories, mighty God!
Alone our reverence claim:
Thy terrors spread abroad,
How awful is thy name!
Thine anger shown, | Who dare appear
Thy judgments near, | Before thy throne?

2 Let man his anger raise,
With persecuting rage,
His wrath shall work thy praise,
The rest thy hands assuage:
Then still obey | Your offerings bring,
Th' Eternal King, | And vows repay.

3 Let all, who round his throne
With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their offerings down,
Jehovah claims their fear:
Before his word | And princes know
The world shall bow, | Thy terrors, Lord.

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77 C. M. *Dedha*

Despondency forbidden.

1 TO God I cried, with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when trouble rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

3 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand has wrough
Thy hand is still the same.

4 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er—
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When I could hope no more;

5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men who love thy word
Have in thy holy temple known
The counsels of the Lord.

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78 C. M. *Lutzen.*

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

' 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

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79 S. M. *Boxford.*

Pardoning Mercy supplicated.

Aff 1 THOU gracious God and kind,
Oh cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

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80 L. M. *Stonefield.*

The Church's Prayer in Time of Desertion.

mf 1 GREAT shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep—

p 2 Thy church is in the desert now—
mf Shine from on high—and guide us through;
p Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
<> We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

— 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit?
p But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

< 5 Return, almighty God, return,
mf Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
p Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
<> We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

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81 C. M. *St. Ann's.*

Praise to God in his Temples.

f 1 TO God, our strength, your voice, aloud,
In strains of glory raise;
The great Jehovah—Jacob's God,
Exalt in notes of praise.

2 Now let the gospel trumpet blow,
On each appointed feast,
And teach his waiting church to know
> The Sabbath's sacred rest.

— 3 This was the statute of the Lord,
To Israel's favored race:
And yet his courts preserve his word,
And there we wait his grace.

f 4 With psalms of honor, and of joy,
Let all his temples ring;
Your various instruments employ,
And songs of triumph sing.

82 L. M. *Bath.*

Oppressors admonished.

" 1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heaven, as judge, surveys
The kings of earth, and all their ways.

2 Why should they, then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will they cease t' oppress the poor?
When will they vex the saints no more?

— 3 Arise, O God, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne;
And rule the nations with his rod:—
He is our judge—and he our God.

83 S. M. *St. Thomas.*

God arising to subdue Opposers.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

mf 2 Arise, almighty God,
Assume thy sovereign sway;
Before thy throne bid sinners bow,
And yield their hearts to thee.

f 3 Let all the nations know,
And spread thy name abroad;
Let all who dwell on earth confess
Their Saviour and their God.

84 First Part. L. M. *Hebron.*

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

p 1 HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode:
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

mf 3 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
> There they behold thy gentler rays,
< And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
f God is their strength—and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
ff And join in nobler worship there.

84 Second Part. L. M. *Sharon.*

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease—nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

f ' ' 3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things—and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

— 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
< The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace—exert thy power,
f Till all on earth thy name adore.

84 Third Part. C. M. *Medford.*

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

mf 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:
— And still we seek thy mercies there,
f And sing thy praises still.

84 Fourth Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 O LORD, my heart cries out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour, and my God?

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or dwell in tents of sin.

4 Could I command the spacious land,
Or the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

84 Fifth Part. C. M. *Dunchurch.*

1 O GOD of hosts—the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where, in thy glory, we behold
The brightness of thy face!

2 My fainting soul with longing waits
To view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways,
Which to thy dwelling lead.

f '' 4 For God—who is our sun and shield—
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

— 5 O Lord of hosts—my king, my God,
How highly blest are they,
< Who in thy temple always dwell,
f And there thy praise display!

84 Sixth Part. H. M. *Newbury.*

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
To thine abode | With warm desires,
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

mp 2 O happy souls, who pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
f They praise thee still! | Who love the wa
And happy they, | To Zion's hill.

— 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heaven appears:
f O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our king | Our willing feet.

84 Seventh Part. H. M. *Newbury.*

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door,
I love it more | Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light, and our defence:
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts! | Alone in thee.

85 First Part. L. M. *Ralston.*

Quickening Grace implored.

1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom:
So God forgave, when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice:
Make known thy truth—fulfil thy word—
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say
He'll speak—and give his people peace;
But let them go no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85 SECOND PART. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

Salvation through Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased—and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

85 THIRD PART. H. M. *Acton.*

1 JESUS, the Saviour's nigh
To those who fear his name;
He comes!—his praise on high
Let all his church proclaim!
His footsteps still
On earth shall stand,
And all the land
His glory fill.

2 Thy mercy, O our God,
To all thy church display:
Proclaim thy grace abroad,
And spread the gospel day:
High on thy throne,
Our prayer attend;
And quickly send
Salvation down.

85 FOURTH PART. H. M. *Acton.*

1 THE Lord his blessing pours
Around our favored land;
His grace, like gentle showers,
Descends at his command:
O'er all the plains
Blest fruits arise,
In rich supplies,
Since Jesus reigns.

2 His righteousness alone
Prepares his wondrous way:
He rises to his throne,
In realms of endless day!
His steps we trace, | And, heaven in view,
His path pursue; | Adore his grace.

86 First Part. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

The Creator only worthy to be worshipped.

1 ETERNAL God—almighty cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou, from thyself alone, art blest.

3 To thee alone, ourselves we owe,
To thee alone, our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims—renounce their sway.

f 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art—God alone.

86 Second Part. L. M. *Winchester.*

1 THOU great Instructer, lest I stray,
p Oh teach my erring feet thy way!
< Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
mf Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

– 2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

f 3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their powers, shall raise the song:
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
ff Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

86 THIRD PART. C. M. *London.*

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

p 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
< And all my wandering thoughts unite
f In God my Father's praise.

86 FOURTH PART. S. M. *Aylesbury.*

Prayer for divine Help.

1 MY God, my prayer attend!
Oh bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope—without a friend,
Without a help—but thee!

2 Oh guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place!

3 Thy mercy I entreat,—
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise!

mf 4 Oh bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control;
> Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
— To thee I lift my soul!

86 FIFTH PART. 7s. *Lincoln*

1 THOU, Jehovah, God o'er all!
Idol gods to thee shall fall:
None thy wondrous works can share;
None with thee in might compare.

2 Formed by thy creative hand,
Let the nations round thee stand;
Prostrate at thy throne confess,
And adore the Saviour's grace.

f 3 Great in power!—thine arm divine!—
Round the world thy wonders shine:
Bid the world thy glories own—
Thou art God—and thou alone!

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87 First Part. L. M. *Sterling.*

The Church the Dwelling-Place of God.

'' 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

p 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

f 3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

87 Second Part. H. M. *Murray.*

f 1 FIXED on the sacred hills,
Its firm foundations rest:
The Lord his temple fills,
With all his glory blest!
p< He waits where'er his saints adore,
f But loves the gates of Zion more.

mp 2 Oh Zion, sacred place!
Thy name shall spread around;
The city of his grace,
His wonders there abound:
< Thy glories shall thy God declare,
f And earth thy fame resound afar.

87 THIRD PART. 8s & 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

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88 FIRST PART. L. M. *Windham.*

Resurrection from the Grave.

Aff 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
< Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
mf Thy promise, and thy power to save?

p 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies!

Brewer.

'' 3 Cease—cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
f And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

m'' 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
f Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour, and their King.

88 SECOND PART. L. M. *Windham.*

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

Aff 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
mf Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

mp 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

— 5 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
mf Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

88 THIRD PART. S. M. *Boxford.*

Aff 1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close;
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God,
Len Will hear your prayers no more.

— 3 Then while 'tis called to-day,
O hear the gospel's sound;
mf Come, sinner, haste—oh haste away,
While pardon may be found.

89 FIRST PART. L. M. *Bath.*

Frailty of Man.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state—
How frail our life—how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease—secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Distressed with gloomy fears, we cry,
"Must death forever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"—
f But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

— 4 That glorious hour—that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word:—
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89 SECOND PART. L. M. *Ellenthorpe.*

The Faithfulness of God.

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Jesus, our prophet and our priest!
Thy children shall be ever blest:
Thou art our King—thy glorious throne
Shall stand to ages yet unknown.

f 3 Then let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus, her Saviour, and her King;
Angels above his wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89 THIRD PART. C. M. *Colcheste*

f 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

– 3 Lord God of hosts—thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
f And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

89 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Spencer*

The Majesty of God.

p 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

mf 2 Great God, how high thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth, compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day—from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

<> 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
< And rule the boisterous deep;
>< Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
> The rolling billows sleep.

f '' 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
> And the dark world of hell;
< How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
> When Egypt durst rebel.

mp 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
mf Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
> Invite us near thy face.

89 FIFTH PART. C. M. *Cambridge.*

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

'' 1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

f 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
ff Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

89 SIXTH PART. L. P. M. *St. Helen's*

Death and the Resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours—how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly—or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat his loud Amen.

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90 FIRST PART. L. M. *Bath.*

Divine Immutability and human Frailty.

mf 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest—our safe abode:
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

p 3 But man—weak man—is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away—our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower—
Cut down, and withered, in an hour.

— 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

90 Second Part. C. M. *Grafton.*

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
< Sufficient is thine arm alone,
f And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

p 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
— All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

mf 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
<> Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
Len And our eternal home.

90 Third Part. C. M. *Bangor.*

1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of all thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before the lofty mountains rose,
Or earth received its frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
When thou dost speak the word, Return--
'Tis instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That unto wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

90 Fourth Part. C. M. *Medfield.*

1 RETURN, O God of love—return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

mf 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

— 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
f Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

90 Fifth Part. C. M. *Bedford.*

1 LORD, if thine eye survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Almighty God—reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

90 Sixth Part. S. M. *Little Marlb'ro'.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

mf 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
> Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
mf Of blest eternity.

91 First Part. L. M. *Duke Street.*

Safety of trusting in God.

'' 1 HE, who hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Now may we say—Our God, thy power
Shall be our fortress, and our tower!
We, that are formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm our trust.

3 Thrice happy man!—thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare;
God is thy life—his arms are spread,
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

91 SECOND PART. C. M. *Medford*

'' 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And trust his gracious care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell:
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet, in all their ways;
To watch your pillow, while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And trust his gracious care.

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92 FIRST PART. L. M. *Quito.*

Delight in the Worship of the Sabbath.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
They who attend his gates shall find
God ever faithful—ever kind.

92 SECOND PART. L. M. *Slade*

mp 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

mf 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Sure I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

f 5 Then shall I see—and hear—and know
All I desired, or wished below;
ff And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

92 THIRD PART. S. M. *Pentonville.*

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

f 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

93 FIRST PART. L. M. *Winchester.*

The Majesty and Dominion of God.

mf 1 WITH glory clad—with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations firmly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord—and thou alone,
Art God, from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Through endless ages stands thy throne;
Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
The pure in heart—and they alone,
Shall find their hope of heaven secure.

93 SECOND PART. L. M. *Duke Street.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns—he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods—that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93 THIRD PART. S. P. M. *Dalston.*

" 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed—thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

93 FOURTH PART. 10s & 11s. *Lyons.*

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

94 FIRST PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

Trusting in God for Help.

1 HAD not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

p 2 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cried—
— Thy promise was my hope;
Thy grace stood constant at my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

mp 3 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
— Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

4 The powers of earth and sin may rise,
And frame oppressive laws;
f But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

94 SECOND PART. C. M. *Bedford.*

1 BLEST is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk,
In mercy dost advise.

2 For God will never from his saints
His favor wholly take:
His own possession, and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

3 The world shall then confess thee just,
In all that thou hast done;
And those, who choose thy upright path,
Shall in that path go on.

4 My sure defence is firmly placed
In thee, the Lord most high:
f Thou art my rock—to thee I may
For refuge always fly.

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95 FIRST PART. L. M. *Appleton.*

Exhortation to adore and praise Jehovah.

ff 1 OH come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful song,
Praises which to his name belong.

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
> Before the Lord our Maker fall.

95 Second Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

1 COME—let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign king—rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.

2 Come—let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd—we the sheep
His mercy chose—his pastures keep.

3 Come—let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Come—seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe—and take the promised rest;
Obey—and be forever blest.

95 Third Part. L. M. *Sterling*

1 TO God our voices let us raise,
And loudly chant the joyful strain;
That rock of strength—oh let us praise,
Whence free salvation we obtain.

2 The Lord is great—with glory crowned,
O'er all the gods of earth he reigns;
His hand supports the deeps profound,
His power alone the hills sustains.

3 Let all who now his goodness feel,
Come near, and worship at his throne;
Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
And bow in adoration down.

95 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

f 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

p 3 Come—and with humble souls, adore;
Come—kneel before his face:
< Oh may the creatures of his power
> Be children of his grace!

mf 4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
> And waits for your request;
mf Come—lest he rouse his wrath—and swear,
Len "Ye shall not see my rest."

95 FIFTH PART. S. M. *Paddington.*

f 1 COME—sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

mp 2 Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord;
— We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

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96 FIRST PART. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.*

Rejoicing in View of God's universal Reign.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a psalm of lofty praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 Oh! haste the day—the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

96 Second Part. C. M. *Marlow.*

f 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and noble song.

2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son:
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;—
Ye mountains, sink—ye valleys, rise—
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold he comes—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

Minor.

p 5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

96 Third Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

f 1 SING praises to our God,
And bless his sacred name:
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

2 Midst heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.

3 The gods, the heathen boasts,
Nor hear—nor see—nor move:
Jehovah is the Lord of hosts,
Who spread the heavens above!

ff 4 Then let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains;
Let earth repeat it to the skies,
The Lord, the Saviour reigns!

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97 First Part. L. M. *Monmouth.*

Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.

f 1 HE reigns!—the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

— 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth—and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire—
Len The mountains melt—the seas retire.

p'' 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight—and shun the day:
f'' Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing—for your redemption's nigh.

97 Second Part. L. M. *Arnheim.*

'' 1 THE Lord is come—the heavens proclaim
His birth—the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound,
ff Zion shall still his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign king.

97 Third Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

1 TH' ALMIGHTY reigns—exalted high
O'er all the earth—o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Immortal light—and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous—and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

97 Fourth Part. L. M. *Timsbury.*

f 1 JEHOVAH reigns—let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

97th Ps. Tune.

mp 2 Darkness, and clouds of awful shade,
— His dazzling glory shroud in state;
'' Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixed by his pavilion wait.

[Repeat the first stanza.]

97 Fifth Part. C. M. *Medford.*

'' 1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles—
The haughty sinner dies.

f 3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known;
> Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
— And angels guard his throne.

97 Sixth Part. C. M. *Lutzen.*

'' 1 THE heavens his righteousness declare,
And angels hail his birth:
His gospel shall his glories bear
Around th' admiring earth.

2 Ye idols, prostrate on the ground,
Th' incarnate God adore:
His arm your worship shall confound,
And all who trust your power.

f '' 3 Zion with holy triumph hears,
The church proclaims her joys;
Her Saviour for her aid appears,
And praise her lips employs.

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98 First Part. C. M. *Colchester*

Glorious and joyful Reign of God the Saviour.

f 1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

f 3 Let all the earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honor of his name,
In melody and songs.

98 Second Part. C. M. *Dedham*

'' 1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!—
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

98 THIRD PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

f '' 1 TO God address the joyful psalm,
Who wondrous things hath done;
Whose own right hand, and holy arm,
The victory have won.

2 He, to the Gentile nations round,
Hath made his mercy known;
And to the world's remotest bound
His justice shall be shown.

mp 3 The promised Saviour meekly came,
And man's full ransom paid;
Again he comes, his own to claim,
In awful pomp arrayed.

f 4 He comes with power—he quits the skies,
To punish and reward;
ff Oh! let one general chorus rise
To praise the sovereign Lord.

98 FOURTH PART. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

'' 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand, and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathens' sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
And earth's remotest tribes the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

ff 4 Let all the people of the earth
Their cheerful voices raise;
Let all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

98 Fifth Part. 8s 7s & 4s. *Tamworth*

mf 1 SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming—
Jesus wondrous works hath done!
f Glorious victory——
His right hand and arm have won.

mf 2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen——
Shall his righteousness behold.

ff 3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands declare his fame:
Loud rejoicing——
Shout the honors of his name!

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99 First Part. S. M. *Southfield.*

The Majesty and Grace of Jehovah.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
p Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

f 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

p 4 How holy is his name!—
How fearful is his praise!—
— Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

99 SECOND PART. S. M. *Dover.*

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried—when Samuel prayed—
> He gave his people rest.

— 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

f 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100 FIRST PART. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

100 SECOND PART. L. M. *Brewer.*

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

f 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

p 4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
f Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100 THIRD PART. L. M. *Appleton.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create—and he destroy.

p 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

f 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide—as the world—is thy command,
Vast—as eternity—thy love;
Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100 Fourth Part. C. M. *Berwick.*

1 O ALL ye lands, in God rejoice,
To him your thanks belong;
In strains of gladness, raise your voice,
In loud and joyful song.

2 Oh, enter ye his courts with praise,
His love to all proclaim;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And magnify his name.

3 For he is gracious, just, and good;
His mercy ever sure,
Through ages past has ever stood,
And ever shall endure.

100 Fifth Part. S. M. *Silver Street.*

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he, who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We're guarded by his daily care,
And on his bounty live.

4 Good is the Lord our God;
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

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102 First Part. L. M. *Dunstan.*

Compassion of God for the Distressed.

1 DOWN from his lofty throne on high
He looked—the Lord the world surveyed,
He saw the race in ruin lie,
He pitied—and his grace displayed.

2 He hears the groaning prisoner's voice,
He hears the suppliant's trembling breath:
From bonds released, the slaves rejoice;
He frees the captives doomed to death!

f 3 Let Zion now his name repeat,
His church his wonders shall record,
Till kingdoms, crowding round his seat,
Own him their Saviour, and their Lord.

102 SECOND PART. L. M. *Bath.*

Human Frailty and Divine Immutability.

1 SWIFT as declining shadows pass,
Our days in quick succession fly;
And, transient as the withering grass,
Amid our youthful hopes we die.

f 2 But thou, our Saviour, shalt endure,
Thy years unchanged, eternal Lord!
Thy grace through every age is sure,
And firm the promise of thy word.

102 THIRD PART. L. M. *Bath.*

1 IT is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Aff 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage
mf 'Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age.'

4 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
f This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

102 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Grafton.*

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, great God! attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Oh let my cry ascend.

2 Hide not, O Lord, thy glorious face,
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.

mf 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord!
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

102 FIFTH PART. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 THRO' endless years, thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

mp 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

mf 4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

102 SIXTH PART. C. M. *Patmos.*

ff 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

— 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
< Those ruins shall be built again,
f And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
> And kings attend with fear.

— 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
p With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

— 5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
mf Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

— 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
f That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord.

102 SEVENTH PART. C. M. *Wachusett.*

Divine Aid implored in Times of Extremity.

mp 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan—
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

mf 3 But thou forever art the same,
p O my eternal God!
mf Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

f ‖ 4 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

— 5 He hears his saints—he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners, doomed to die,
f And fills their tongues with praise.

102 Eighth Part. 7s. *Norwich.*

1 HEAR my prayer, Jehovah, hear!
Listen to my humble cries:
See the day of trouble near,
Heavy on my soul it lies.

2 Hide not, then, thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls:
Hear me, O thou God of grace,
In the time thy servant calls.

mf '' 3 Earth and hell their censures pour,
Madly rage against my soul:
When my God appears no more,
Who their fury can control?

Aff 4 Hide not, then, thy gracious face,
When the storm around me falls:
Hear me, O thou God of grace,
Hear me when thy servant calls.

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103 First Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

'' 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

mp 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom—and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

f 4 Let every land his power confess,
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

103 Second Part. L. M. *Dunstan.*

'' 1 HIGH o'er the heavens—supreme—alone,
Th' eternal Lord prepares his throne:
O'er all his kingdom he'll extend,
Beyond a limit or an end.

2 Bless ye the Lord—his glories tell,
Ye angels, who in might excel,
Who do his will—who hear his voice,
And in his high commands rejoice.

3 Bless ye the Lord—proclaim his state,
Ye heavenly hosts, who round him wait,
Quick to perform his acts of might,
His pleasure your supreme delight.

4 Bless ye the Lord, his works around!
Creation, with his praise resound!
My soul, the general chorus join,
And bless the Lord in songs divine.

103 Third Part. L. M. *Rothwel*

'' 1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name forever bless;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

p 2 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His wakened wrath does slowly move,
mf His willing mercy flies apace.

3 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed,
> Who, with a father's tender breast,
— Has such as fear him always loved.

f 4 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord;—and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

103 Fourth Part. L. M. *Tallis' Ev. Hy.*

'' 1 THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth!—how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise. y

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

p 4 How slowly does his wrath arise—
f On swifter wings salvation flies—
— Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

f 5 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints—and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103 FIFTH PART. L. M. *Duke Street*

1 MY soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise;
Let every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a father's tender care,
Saved me, when sinking in despair;—

mf 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
— Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
> And led my weary feet to rest.

103 SIXTH PART. S. M. *Hudson.*

'' 1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
< And gives thee strength again.

— 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

f 7 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

103 SEVENTH PART. S. M. *Dover.*

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

mp 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
— He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

f 5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
Oh bless the Lord, my soul!

103 Eighth Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

f 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

103 Ninth Part. S. M. *Bethany.*

1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

p 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

mf 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103 Tenth Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

ff 1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high,
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye heavenly hosts, who wait
The orders of your King,
Who guard his churches when they pray,
Oh join the praise we sing.

4 And while his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory—thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

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104 First Part. L. M. *Bath.*

Praise to God the Creator.

f 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 How strange thy works! how great thy skill,
While every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see—
This spacious earth is full of thee.

mp 3 How awful are thy glorious ways!
Thou, Lord, art dreadful in thy praise;
< Yet humble souls may seek thy face,
mf And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

104 Second Part. L. M. *Nazareth.*

1 LONG as I live, all-bounteous Lord!
My song thy glories shall record;
Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.

mp 2 Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest:
mf God, my Creator, lifts my voice:
In God, my Saviour, I rejoice!

— 3 Soon shall his arm his foes dismay,
And sweep the guilty race away:
And while his church his power adore,
> The wicked sink to rise no more.

mf 4 Then, O my soul, Jehovah bless,
His providence and grace confess:
f Let all his works their tribute raise,
And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

104 Third Part. L. M. *Winchester.*

1 GREAT is the Lord!—what tongue can frame
An honor equal to his name?
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2 The world's foundations by his hand
Were laid, and shall forever stand;
The swelling billows know their bound,
While to his praise they roll around.

3 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway.

4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
Thy praise shall still our breath employ,
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

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105 First Part. C. M. *Stephens.*

Exhortation to Praise.

'' 1 OH render thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the Lord.

105 Second Part. C. M. *Nottingham.*

The Faithfulness of God celebrated.

'' 1 JEHOVAH is the Lord our God!
Then let his church adore:
His justice o'er the earth abroad
Shall all his judgments pour.

2 Once his eternal oath he sware
To Abraham and his race;
And placed his laws and statutes there,
The types of richer grace.

3 His covenant, in his changeless mind,
Stands like himself secure;
f His church, through every age, shall find
His word of promise sure.

105 Third Part. C. M. *Marlow.*

ff 1 GIVE thanks to God—invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind,
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He swore to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

fff 4 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel shall live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

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106 First Part. L. M. *Danvers.*

God praised for his Works of Goodness and Mercy.

mf 1 OH render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

mp 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
mf Let thy salvation visit me.

f 4 Oh render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

106 SECOND PART. L. M. *Bath.*

mf ' ' 1 TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

— 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?—
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

mf 4 Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

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107 FIRST PART. L. M. *Lowell.*

Providential Goodness celebrated.

1 GIVE thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his name is love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

f 3 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107 Second Part. C. M. *Litchfield.*

1 HOW are thy servants blest! O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

< 3 When, by the dreadful tempest, borne
f High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

p 4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
< The sea, that roars at thy command,
> At thy command is still.

— 5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
f We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
p And humbly hope for more.

107 Third Part. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

ff 1 OH praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

2 Let all the people of the Lord
His praises spread around;
Let them his grace and love record,
Who have salvation found.

3 Now let the east in him rejoice,
The west its tribute bring,
The north and south lift up their voice
In honor of their King.

4 Oh praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

107 FOURTH PART. 7s. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 OH that men their songs would raise,
All his goodness to declare!
All Jehovah's wonders praise,
Wonders which their children share!

2 Where his holy altars rise,
Let his saints adore his name;
There present their sacrifice,
There with joy his works proclaim.

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108 FIRST PART. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

General Praise to God.

1 MY heart is fixed on thee, my God,
Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad;
My soul shall rest on thee alone,
And make thy loving-kindness known.

2 Awake my glory—wake my lyre,
To songs of praise my tongue inspire;
With morning's earliest dawn arise,
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,
I'll spread thy fame the earth around;
Till every land, with thankful voice,
Shall in thy holy name rejoice.

108 SECOND PART. C. M. *Berwick.*

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3 Thy mercy, in its boundless height,
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

f 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

108 Third Part. C. M. *Howard's.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake, my harp, to sing;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

---

110 First Part. L. M. *Appleton*

Christ exalted as a King and Saviour.

" 1 THUS God, the eternal Father, spake
To Christ the Son—"Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds;
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

f 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
How large a victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110 SECOND PART. C. M. *Medford.*

'' 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus, our priest, forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

---

111 FIRST PART. C. M. *Marlow.*

The Works and Grace of God celebrated.

'' 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart—and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

111 SECOND PART. C. M. *Medford.*

'' 1 GREAT is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord!
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
p Holy and reverend is his name,
— His ways are just and pure.

f 4 Great is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

---

112 First Part. L. M. *Ralston.*

Blessedness of fearing and obeying God.

'' 1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 The soul, that's filled with virtue's light,
> Shines brightest in affliction's night;
— His conscience bears his courage up,
< He sees in darkness beams of hope.

— 3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
p The sweet remembrance of the just
> Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

112 Second Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

'' 1 THRICE happy man! who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands—and trusts his word:
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

3 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

112 Third Part. C. M. *Corinth.*

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

p 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
— So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

p 3 In times of danger and distress,
— Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
> And give him peace divine.

— 4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

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113 First Part. L. M. 6*l.* *St. Helen's.*

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God, through the world, extends his sway!
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

113 Second Part. L. M. *Stonefield.*

f 1 O ALL ye people—shout and sing
Hosannas to your heavenly King;
Where'er the sun's bright glories shine,
Ye nations, praise his name divine.

2 High on his everlasting throne,
He reigns almighty and alone;
Yet we, on earth, with angels share
> His kind regard—his tender care.

f 3 Rejoice, ye servants of the Lord,
Spread wide Jehovah's name abroad;
Oh praise our God—his power adore,
From age to age—from shore to shore.

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116 First Part. C. M. *Barby.*

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

Aff 1 I LOVE the Lord—he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord—he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

116 Second Part. C. M. *Dundee.*

Aff 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?—
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

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117 First Part. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

Exhortation to universal Praise.

f 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land—by every tongue.

> 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
f Eternal truth attends thy word ;
ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117 Second Part. C. M. *Tallis' Chant.*

f 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

p 2 His mercy reigns through every land—
f Proclaim his grace abroad :
Forever firm his truth shall stand—
ff Praise ye the faithful God.

117 Third Part. C. M. *Tallis' Chant.*

f 1 WITH cheerful notes, let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

p 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound ;
< His truth shall ne'er decay ;
f Then let the willing nations rou
Their grateful tribute pay.

117 Fourth Part. C. M. *Colchester.*

f 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

2 His love is great—his mercy sure—
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

117 Fifth Part. S. M. *Clapton.*

f 1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace—and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

117 Sixth Part. S. M. *Southfield.*

f 1 LET songs of endless praise
From every nation rise;
Let all the lands their tribute raise,
To God, who rules the skies.

p 2 His mercy and his love
< Are boundless as his name;
f And all eternity shall prove
His truth remains the same.

117 Seventh Part. 7s. *Lincoln.*

f 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord—forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

f 3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

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118 First Part. L. M. *Rothwell.*

Exaltation of the divine Saviour.

ff 1 ALL power and grace to God belong;
He is my strength—and he my song:
He comes, my Saviour—from his throne,
He comes to bring salvation down.

2 Lo! rising from the tents of men,
The voice of joy resounds again:
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his name.

3 His own right hand its strength displays,
In acts of valor and of grace:
The cross, the tomb, the throne, declare
How vast his power and glory are.

4 For us he conquers—though he dies:
Behold the mighty Saviour rise!
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his name.

118 Second Part. C. M. *Lutzen.*

Christ the Author of Salvation.

ff 1 LO, what a glorious corner stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The wonder of our eyes!
This is the day, that proves it thine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice—and saints, be glad;
The Saviour's name be blest;
Let endless honors on his head,
With joy, and glory, rest.

4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our race:
Oh let the church address her King,
With holy songs of praise.

118 THIRD PART. C. M. *Colchester*

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
p Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
— Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord—who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

f 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

118 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Arlington.*

Thankful Acknowledgment of divine Aid.

'' 1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since he affords me aid.

mp 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

f 3 'Tis through the Lord, my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

> 4 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs—
— The Lord protects their days:
f Let Zion tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118 Fifth Part. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servants cry,
And rescued from the grave ;
Now shall we live—for none can die,
Whom God resolves to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill our daily breath ;
> Thy hand, that hath chastised us sore,
f Defends us still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we will worship there ;
To thine own house, with joy we'll go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Here, with th' assembly of thy saints,
Our cheerful voice we raise ;
> Here we have told thee our complaints—
f And here we speak thy praise.

118 Sixth Part. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

'' 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God—to sinners dear—
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118 Seventh Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

First Choir.
″ 1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;—
Second Choir.
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

First Choir.
2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son:—
Second Choir.
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

Congregation.
f 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

First Choir.
″ 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:—
Second Choir.
Let us rejoice—and sing—and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

First Choir.
5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood:—
Second Choir.
Bless him, ye saints—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

Congregation.
f 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118 Eighth Part. 8s & 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim!

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore thee!—
Thee, our Saviour!—thee, our God!
From thy throne, let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.
Hallelujah, Amen.

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119 First Part. L. M. *Windham.*

Departures from God deplored.

Aff 1 WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
And wandered from thy heavenly way:
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
Far from the paths of thee our God.

2 Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep!
Our wanderings heal- our footsteps keep:
We seek thy sheltering fold again;
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

3 Teach us to know and love thy way;
And grant, to life's remotest day,
< By thine unerring guidance led,
mf Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

119 Second Part. C. M. *Medford.*

The Blessedness of fearing and obeying God.

'' 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men, that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

mp 3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;
f How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

119 Third Part. C. M. *Medfield*

Communion with God.

Aff 1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

p 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace—
f Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

— 3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119 Fourth Part. C. M. *Dundee.*

Delight in God and his Word.

mf 1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

mp 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
— Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine—
p Oh save thy servant, Lord!
f Thou art my shield—my hiding place—
My hope is in thy word.

119 Fifth Part. C. M. *Litchfield.*

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119 Sixth Part. C. M. *Warwick.*

1 OH how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks—and spirits droop—
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

119 Seventh Part. C. M. *Barby.*

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
< There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
mf My warmest thoughts engage.

— 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever new delight.

3 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
< Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
mf And hidden glory lies.

— 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
< Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
Len And our eternal rest.

119 Eighth Part. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 LORD, I am thine—thy truth I own,
Thy righteous precepts love:
In mercy to my soul, send down
Salvation from above.

2 The wicked stand on every side,
And my destruction seek;
But in thy laws will I abide,
And of thy judgments speak.

3 I love the company of those
Who worship thee in fear,
Obey thy word—observe thy laws,
And hold thy precepts dear.

mf 4 At morn—at noon—at night, I'll praise,
O Lord, thy sacred name;
f With joy my thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy goodness to proclaim.

119 Ninth Part. C. M. *Howard's.*

1 OH that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
> And daily peace I find.

mp 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
< My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
mf Thy word is all my joy.

— 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

f 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
ff I'll speak thy word, though kings shall hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

119 Tenth Part. C. M. *St. Austin's.*

Aff 1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
> And yet thy love delays.

– 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh! bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
mf Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119 Eleventh Part. C. M. *Litchfield*

Aff 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

p 5 My soul hath gone too far astray—
My feet too often slip:
— Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
mf 'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

119 TWELFTH PART. C. M. *Dedham.*

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
Oh let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace;
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise—my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God, I long—I hope—I wait
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119 Thirteenth Part. C. M. *Medfield.*

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
mf But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119 Fourteenth Part. C. M. *Litchfield.*

Aff 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet, how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

f 5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119 FIFTEENTH PART. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since I'm a stranger here below
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

3 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

4 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

119 SIXTEENTH PART. C. M. *London*

mf 1 MY hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord!
f I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

— 2 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

mf 4 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord!
f I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

119 SEVENTEENTH PART. S. M. *Dover.*

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

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121 First Part. L. M. *Ralston.*

God's guardian Care of his People.

f 1 HE lives—the everlasting God,
Who built the world—who spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
> And the dark regions of the dead.

mf 2 He guides our feet—he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day;
He spreads the evening veil—and keeps
> The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

mf 3 Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest:
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

f 4 Long as I live, I'll trust his power;
Len Then in my last, departing hour,
mf Angels, that trace the airy road,
mp Shall bear me homeward to my God.

121 Second Part. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

f 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul—he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

121 THIRD PART. H. M. *Darwell's.*

ff 1 TO God I lift mine eyes,
From him is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly: | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

122 First Part. C. M. *Howard's.*

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

mf 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
> To show his milder face.

— 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

p 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
— And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life, or breath remains;
f Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

122 Second Part. C. M. *Warwick.*

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
mp To breathe the humble fervent prayer—
f And pour the choral song.

— 3 Spirit of grace! oh deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
< With pure devotion glow.

p 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
— Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around,
< Her clear and shining light.

— 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
mf With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

122 THIRD PART. C. M. *Mear.*

1 OH 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
'Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

mp 3 Oh pray we then for Salem's peace—
— For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

mp 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
— With plenty and prosperity
f Thy palaces be crowned.

122 FOURTH PART. C. P. M. *Kew.*

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
f Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

122 Fifth Part. S. P. M. *Bethel.*

'' 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
‘Come, let us seek our God to-day!”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

p 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
— To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
p ‘Peace to this sacred house!”
— For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123 7s. *Turin.*

Humble Waiting on God for Spiritual Strength.

p 1 LORD, before thy throne we bend;
Now to thee our eyes ascend:

Servants to our Master true,
mf Lo! we yield thee homage due:—
p Children, to thy throne we fly,
<> Abba, Father, hear our cry!

p 2 Low before thee, Lord, we bow,
>< We are weak—but mighty thou:
p Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
— Here we wait thy holy will:
Bound to earth, and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour:
mf Swift to read their captives' doom,
See our foes exulting come!—
p Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
f Lord of life and victory!

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125 First Part. C. M. *Colchester*

Safety of trusting in God.

mf 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock—the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

dol 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on;
mf Oh may we reach the blest abode,
Where Christ our Lord is gone.

125 Second Part. S. M. *Watchman.*

f 1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

dol 3 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and holy fear,
mf Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

126 C. M. *Litchfield.*

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
f My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work!—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

– 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

mp 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
— They shall confess their sheaves are great,
f And shout the blessings home.

127 First Part. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

The divine Blessing necessary to Success.

'' 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work, and toil, when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
Bestowed by his paternal love!

127 Second Part. C. M. *Nottingham.*

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

127 Third Part. 8s & 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

128 C. M. *Ormond.*

Blessedness of obeying and serving God.

1 OH happy man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns thy law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head;
Shall on the labors of his hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall his best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

4 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the mourning church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

130 First Part. L. M. *Tallis' Ev. Hymn.*

Mercy and Pardon penitently implored.

1 FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raised my cry:
If thou severely mark our faults,
Oh! who could stand before thine eye?

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love—as well as fear.

mf 3 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
— Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

mf 4 Great is his love—and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

130 SECOND PART. C. M. *Barby.*

Aff 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Be strict to mark iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

mf 3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

mp 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord;—
mf With strong desires I wait;
— My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

f 5 In God the Lord let Israel trust,
mp O sinners, seek his face;
— The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

130 THIRD PART. S. M. *Little Marlboro'*

Aff 1 FROM lowest depths of wo,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply!

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
Forgive, O Lord, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thine enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To hail the dawning day.

f 5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succor flows.

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131 FIRST PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

Resignation and Contentment.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?—
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or, do I act a haughty part?—
p Lord, I appeal to thee.

— 2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good—and to the ill
> Contentedly submit.

< 3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
> Be to my bosom known;
Aff Oh give me tears for others' wo,
> And patience for my own.

— 4 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food:
I ask not wealth, or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
f A heart to praise thy name.

— 5 Oh may my days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And let me for my parting hour
From day to day prepare.

131 SECOND PART. 8s & 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly;
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide:

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's vexatious pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

mf 4 Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely;
Then, from him thy joys arising
Like himself shall never die.

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132 First Part. L. M. *Dunstan.*

The Church the Dwelling-Place of God.

'' 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever—saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

132 Second Part. C. M. *Marlow.*

mf 1 ARISE! O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

mp 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
— Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

mf 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

f 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

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133 FIRST PART. C. M. *Bowdoin.*

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

1 SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

dol 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills:—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
< Till universal peace and love
mf O'er all the earth extend.

133 SECOND PART. C. M. *Arlington.*

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133 THIRD PART. S. M. *Haverhill.*

dol 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
mf Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
> And all the air is love.

133 Fourth Part. S. P. M. *Dalston.*

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.
[Repeat the first stanza.]

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134 S. M. *St. Thomas.*

Praise to God for his Works.

1 BEHOLD his wondrous grace!
And bless Jehovah's name:
Ye servants of the Lord, his praise
By day and night proclaim.

2 He formed the earth below,
He formed the heavens his throne:
His grace from Zion he'll bestow,
And pour his blessings down.

f 3 Ye, who his courts attend,
There lift your hands on high:
And let your songs of praise ascend,
In strains of sacred joy.

135 First Part. L. M. *Sharon.*

Exhortation to praise God.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord—the Lord is good—
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

135 Second Part. C. M. *Corinth.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

mf 2 Great is the Lord—and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
- But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise!
< Lightning and storm, at his command,
f Sweep through the sounding skies.

— 4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

135 Third Part. C. M. *St. Martin's.*

1 OH praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;

And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

3 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

f 4 Oh praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

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136 First Part. L. M. *Brewer*

Divine Goodness and Compassion celebrated.

Semi-chorus.
1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Chorus.
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Semi-chorus.
2 He built the earth—he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Chorus.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

Semi-chorus.
3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Chorus.
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Semi-chorus.
4 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
Chorus.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

136 Second Part. C. M. *Judea. Westford.*

Solo.
1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,
Chorus.
His mercies still endure:
Solo.
And be the King of kings adored;
Chorus.
His truth is ever sure.

Solo.
2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
Chorus.
How mighty is his hand!
Solo.
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone;
Chorus.
How wide is his command!

Solo.
p 3 He saw the nations dead in sin:
Chorus.
He felt his pity move:
Solo.
How sad the state the world was in!
Chorus.
How boundless was his love!

Solo.
— 4 He sent to save us from our wo;
Chorus.
His goodness never fails;
Solo.
From death and hell, and every foe;
Chorus.
And still his grace prevails.

Chorus.
f 5 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let all the earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136 Third Part. 7s. *Adullum*

Solo or Semi-chorus.
1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
Chorus.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Chorus.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
3 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
Chorus.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:

Chorus.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
Chorus.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Chorus.
ff 6 Let us then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

136 FOURTH PART. H. M. *Harwich.*

Semi-chorus.
1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings:
And be his grace adored.
Chorus.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

Semi-chorus.
2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Chorus.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

Semi-chorus.
3 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Chorus.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

Semi-chorus.
4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
Chorus.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise.

Chorus.

5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth,
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

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137 First Part. 10s. *Savannah.*

Lamenting the Desolations of Zion.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
mf When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
p In mournful silence—on the willows hung,
Len And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

mf ! ! 3 Our hard oppressors, to increase our wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

mp 4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?—
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory—sacred mount of praise;—

5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish >and my voice shall cease.

137 Second Part. L. M. *Sunderland.*

1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

mf 5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
> Or if I sing one cheerful air,
f Till thy deliverance is my song.

137 Third Part. L. M. *Danvers*

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake!—thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
< Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
f Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

— 3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
< A heavenly city claims thy song;
f A brighter Salem rises there.

— 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
< In every clime behold a home,
f In every temple see thy God.

137 Fourth Part. S. M. *Pentonville.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

p 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

— 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
f Her hymns of love and praise.

— 5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
f Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

'' 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
— To Zion shall be given
f The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

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138 L. M. *Brewer.*

Praise for divine Protection.

f''1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

p 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
mf And strength diffused through all my soul.

— 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

f 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

139 First Part. L. M. *Lynn.*

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

p 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
mf Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

p 4 Amazing knowledge!—vast and great!
f What large extent!—what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Aff 5 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove—where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Len Consent to sin—for God is there.

139 Second Part. L. M. *Bath.*

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To leave thy service, and thy love—
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light,
Or sink to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee—one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

Aff 6 Search, O my God! my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me, where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

139 THIRD PART. L. M. *Bath.*

God our Creator and Preserver.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame:
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Great God, my feeble nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise;
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

3 These on my heart are still impressed;
With these I give mine eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139 FOURTH PART. C. M. *Dundee*

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

Aff 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks—my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

mf 4 Oh! wondrous knowledge—deep and high!
> Where can a creature hide?
— Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

mf 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

139 Fifth Part. C. M. *Spencer*

1 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west;
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon—the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Aff Oh may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

139 Sixth Part. C. M. *Medfield.*

God our Creator and Preserver.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

4 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

139 SEVENTH PART. C. M. *Dundee.*

1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On *thee* our hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

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140 S. M. *Hudson.*

Divine Protection acknowledged and implored.

1 JEHOVAH, God most high!
Thou art the God I own:
p Oh let my supplicating cry
Be heard before thy throne.

– 2 Great God, thy sovereign power
Salvation can impart:
Thy shield, in every dangerous hour,
Has sheltered o'er my heart.

3 Do thou my foes repel,
Their dark designs restrain;
f So shall the powers of earth or hell
Assault my soul in vain.

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141 L. M. *Winchester.*

Daily Devotion.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
< Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

mp 4 When I behold them pressed with grief.
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
< And by my warm petitions, prove
mf How much I prize their faithful love.

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143 L. M. *Medway.*

Longing for Spiritual Light and Comfort.

Aff 1 MY righteous Judge—my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad;
I cry for succor from thy throne,
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

2 For thee I pray—for thee I mourn;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
Wilt thou forever hide thy love?

3 I lift my hands to thee again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain;
Oh! let me hear thy gracious voice—
So shall my weary soul rejoice.

4 My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirit up.

5 Teach me, O Lord, thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill:
Oh let the Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

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144 FIRST PART. C. M. *Stamford.*

f 1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour, and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144 SECOND PART. C. M. *Bether.*

God's condescending Goodness to Man.

1 LORD, what is man—poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow—light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!—

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
While terrors wait his awful frown—
f How wondrous is his love!

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145 FIRST PART. L. M. *Winchester.*

All Praise due to God.

1 MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
f Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

p 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
f Vast—and unsearchable thy ways!
ff Vast—and immortal be thy praise!

145 SECOND PART. C. M. *St. Ann's*

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
f And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145 Third Part. C. M. *Corinth.*

mp 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
< Let age to age thy righteousness
f In sounds of glory sing.

'' 2 God reigns on high—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

p 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!—
< But soon he sends his pardoning word,
f To cheer the souls he loves.

dol 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
< Let age to age thy righteousness
f In sounds of glory sing.

145 Fourth Part. C. M. *Berwick.*

'' 1 GREAT is the Lord!—our souls adore!
We wonder while we praise;
Thy power, O God, who can explore,
Or equal honor raise?

2 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.

3 Thy praise shall be my constant theme;
How wondrous is thy power!
I'll speak the honors of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

f 4 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies.

145 Fifth Part. C. M. *Dunchurch.*

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy powerful hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

3 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

145 SIXTH PART. C. M. *Bedford*

1 TO thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.

mp 4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
All shall his tender mercies find,
And all his goodness prove.

— 5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

f 6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
Thine high dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

146 First Part. L. M. *Mendon.*

Praise to God for his Perfections and Providence.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;—
f Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146 Second Part. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.*

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147 C. M. *Warwick.*

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady councils change the face
Of each revolving year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
p He calls the warmer gales to blow,
— And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind—the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
f With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148 First Part. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell:
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

p< 3 Jehovah!—'tis a glorious word!
mf Oh! may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
f From all below—and all above,
ff Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

148 Second Part. S. M. *St. Thomas.*

'' 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

148 Third Part. C. P. M. *Rapture. Kew.*

'' 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;
p'' Ye thunders, speak his power:
— Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing
< In triumph walks th' eternal King:
f> Th' astonished worlds adore.

— 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
f Praise him, who bids you roll;—
p His praise in softer notes declare,
pp Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

— 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
mp Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
— And tuned your voice to praise.

f 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

148 FOURTH PART. H. M. *Darwell's.*

" 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name:
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim, | To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

148 FIFTH PART. H. M. *Harwich.*

" 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

148 Sixth Part. 8s & 7s. *Westborough.*

f 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!
Hallelujah, Amen.

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149 First Part. C. M. *Nottingham.*

ff 1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

149 Second Part. 10s & 11s. *St. Michael's.*

''1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies:
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

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150 First Part. L. M. *Brewer.*

f''1 OH praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise him in heaven—where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord.

150 Second Part. L. M. *Rothwell.*

f''1 PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine!
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's lofty sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round;
Awake each voice—and strike each string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

4 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

150 Third Part. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

'' 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But still the work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

150 Fourth Part. 6s & 4s. *Italian Hymn.*

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame:
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

150 Fifth Part. 7s. *Lincoln.*

1 PRAISE the Lord—his glory bless—
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires,
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around·
Let the harp unite in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

150 Sixth Part. 7s. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

f 1 PRAISE—oh praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
ff Heaven and earth the chorus join;
Praise—oh praise the name divine.

1 L. M.

TO God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

2 C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

3 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father—love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4 H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

5 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6 8. 7. 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMNS.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 C. M. Dedham. Medford.
Revelation welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
f And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

2 L. M. Duke Street.
Divine Authority of the Bible.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

3 C. M. Christmas. Tolland.
The Bible the Light of the World.

'' 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

f!! 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

4

C. M. Devizes. Arlington

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

> 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
mp In this dark vale of tears;
mf!! Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

> 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
< Of life, shall guide our way;
f Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

5

C. M. Warwick. Medfield.

The Bible suited to the Wants of Mankind.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

> 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
— Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
f And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!

Aff 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

6

C. P. M. Columbia. Aithlone.

1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

7

C. M. Litchfield. Eustis.

mp 1 OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.

— 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief dispel;
mf Here I behold my Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

— 3 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse me from my sin;
mf 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

Aff 4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

8

L M Uxbridge. Ward.

Delight in the Scriptures.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

9

C. M. Ormond. Dundee.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

10

L. M. Bath. Hingham.

1 NOW let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring:
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below—and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace,
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths I read!
> There I behold the Saviour bleed:
— His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
> And gives my laboring conscience peace;
— Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

mf 5 For love like this, oh let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

11

L. M. Lowell. Springfield. **Dunstan.**

Existence of God manifest from his Works.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

mp 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
p Bow down before him—and adore.

12

C. M. London. **Burford.**

Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!—
What worthless worms are we!—
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
p Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
— While thine eternal thought moves on
mf Thine undisturbed affairs.

p 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!—
What worthless worms are we!—
— Let all the race of creatures bow,
f And pay their praise to thee.

13

C. M. **Greenfield. Berwick.**

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore his love.

14

C. M. **London. Bedford.**

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this the earth its produce yields,
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

5 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thy glory tend.

15

C. M. **St. Martin's.**

1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

3 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

16

L. M. **Effingham. Rothwell.**

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
f Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 Oh! may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs,
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

mp 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
— The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

17

L. M. **Old Hundred. Hague.**

God self-existent and immutable.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come.
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

18

C. M. Spencer.

God almighty and omnipresent.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers:
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
mf Armed with omnipotence to save,
p Or crumble me to dust—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

– 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
p The gloomy vale shall tread;
f And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

19

C. M. Spencer. St. Austin's.

1 WHERE'ER, through all his works, we send
Our roving eyes abroad,
The various objects all conspire
To lead our souls to God;—

2 That God, whose word all nature formed,
Whose eye all nature sees;
Whose hand all nature rules, sustains,
Or crushes, as he please;—

3 Before whose high and dazzling throne
Myriads of angels bow;
Whose smile is everlasting bliss—
> Whose frown is endless wo.

p 4 Low at his feet, then, O my soul,
In prostrate homage fall;
< Make him thy fear, thy love, thy trust,
mf Thy joy, thy God, thy all.

C. M. Patmos. Rochester.

20

God searching the Heart.

'' 1 GOD is a spirit, just—and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

mp 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
— Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

L. M. Pomfret. Hingham.

21

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue—thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh what grace!
Its wonders, oh what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

22

C. M. Warwick. Litchfield.

Goodness of God seen in his Works.

1 HAIL, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove—the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

23

L. M Pomfret. Rothwell

Goodness of God.

1 INDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains;
And thence its streams redundant flow,
And cheer th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

f 4 Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

24

S M. Hudson. Mornington.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

25

L. M. Danvers. Alfreton.

1 THIS frame, O God—these noble powers,
To thy creating hand I owe;
Thy providence preserves me safe,
And crowns my every wish below.

2 Oft in the visions of the night,
My thoughts o'er all thy mercies rove;
And, every midnight wakeful hour,
I trace the wonders of thy love.

3 The pleasing, unexhausted theme
Each rising morn my soul pursues—
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.

4 Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years,
Shall all my raptured powers employ;
mf Yet endless years will only swell
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.

26

C. M. Bolton. Great Milton

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good—immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well beloved Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence—a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

27

C. M. St. John's. Eustis.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

28

C. M. Howard's. Brattle Street.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

f 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

29

C. M. Nottingham. London.

1 ETERNAL Power—almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

mp 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and wo?

4 How strange! how wondrous is thy love.
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

f 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
mp Great God, permit our humble songs
f To rise and speak thy praise.

30

C. M. Greenfield. Medford.

God is Love.

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
p Soft as the radiance of the moon
< Among a thousand stars.

— 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

f 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
p But Zion sings, in melting notes,
< The honors of the Lamb.

f ' ' 4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

31

C. M. Bolton. Ormond.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
> May hear the gospel's milder voice—
mp That tells you, God is love.

— 5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
f Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

32

L. M. Duke Street. **Dunstan.**

Condescension of God.

'' 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

mp 4 Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
mf Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

33

H. M. Harwich. **Darwell's.**

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

34

C. M. Westmoreland

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

35

6s & 4s. Italian Hymn.

The Trinity.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed—
mp Lord, hear our call!

— 3 Come, thou, incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
p Our prayer attend!
— Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art;
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

f 5 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!

Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

36

C. M. St. Martin's. Medford.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
f And spread his honors—and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

— 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise;
f Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

37

L. M. Monmouth. Dresden.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

— 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

— 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

mf 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

38

L. M. Hamburg. Medway.

Incomprehensibleness of God.

1 WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
Their laboring thoughts sink down oppressed
And praises die upon their tongues.

p 3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
< My humble, grateful tribute bring.

39

C. M. Spencer. Dundee

1 HOW wondrous great—how glorious bright
Must our Creator be!
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of an eternal day!

2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward his celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And mounts above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

mp 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
< Thy power we feel—thy glory see,
> Thy mercy we implore.

— 5 With humble notes we raise the song
To heaven's almighty King,
f While angels tune their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

40

L. M. Old Hundred. Duke Street.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines,
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

f 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

41

L. M. Winchester. Rotterdam.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above;
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

42

L. M. Ralston. Sunderland.

Men not comparable to God.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne:
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 Almighty Power, to thee we bow!
How frail are we!—how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With thee—th' eternal God—compare.

43

L. M. Duke Street. **Lowell.**

Angels the Ministers of God.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And hosts of angels stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 Are they not all thy servants Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

44

L. M. Dunstan. **Lowell.**

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

mp 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
f Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

45

H. M Haddam.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Still keep the world in awe;

His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

p 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My father, and my friend?'—
f I love his name! | Join all my powers,
I love his word! | And praise the Lord.

46

C. M. Spencer. London.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry—
'Thrice holy,' let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
< The pure in heart are thy delight,
mf And they thy face shall see.

PROVIDENCE AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

47

C. M. Burford. Litchfield.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

1 KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

48

C. M. Medford. Litchfield.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy—and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

49

C. M. Ormond. Medford.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

f 3 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

50

C. M. Channing. Patmos.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

f 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks—and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
> Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
pp Disturb the sparrow's nest.

— 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
> In distant peals it dies;
f He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

mp 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
ff And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

FALL AND NATURAL CHARACTER OF MAN.

51

S. M. Little Marlboro'. Aylesbury.

Hope from the Gospel only.

1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt—with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works, which we have done;
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless victim dies:—
This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise.

52

S. M. Little Marlboro'. Aylesbury.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend.
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

53

S. M. St. Thomas. Calmar.

Christ a Light in Darkness.

Solo or Semi-chorus.

p 1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes—
Chorus.
f Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

Solo or Semi-chorus.

p 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;—

Chorus.
f But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
p 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways:
Chorus.
f His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

Solo or Semi-chorus.
— 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
Chorus.
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Chorus.
mp 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
— Thy sovereign power—thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

54

C. M. Marlow. Howard's.

Minor.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

p 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
— He saw—and—oh amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

f 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
— Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
p And dwelt among the dead.

Major.

f!! 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

55

C. M. Grafton. Litchfield

p 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

p'' 2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word—
mf 'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'

— 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
mp Oh help my unbelief.

p 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
mf Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

56

C. M. Barby. Spencer

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

mf 4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

57

L. M. Uxbridge.

1 ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fallen—oh how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;

When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,—
3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverished and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

58

L. M. Hingham. Malden.

Semi-chorus.

p 1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;—

Chorus.

f Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Semi-chorus.

p 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:—

Chorus.

f Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "the Lord our righteousness."

59

C. M. Spencer. Grafton.

Death in Trespasses and Sins.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

Aff 5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

60

L. M. Medway. **Sunderland.**

Grief for the Sins and Miseries of Men.

Aff 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts, arise;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human beings sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abused—the soul undone.

3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatenings, Lord;
I know the wretched, dreadful end,
To which their careless steps descend.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves;
Great God, thy saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

GOSPEL.

61

S. M. Mornington. **Dover.**

God's Purpose of Mercy.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his recovering grace.

mf 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

62

L. M. Ralston. **Malden.**

1 MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

2 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

3 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

63

L. M. Alfreton. Duke Street.

Object of Christ's Advent.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

p 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

— 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
f A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

64

C. M. Corinth. Dundee.

1 COME, happy souls—approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange—so boundless was the love
p That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.

p 4 But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
— When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
f We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

65

S. M. St. Thomas.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

p 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

— 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

p 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
f And love and praise thy name.

66

H. M. Murray

Proclamation of the Gospel.

mp !! 1 HARK—hark—the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.
< Some new delight in heaven is known,
ff Loud ring the harps around the throne.

mp !! 2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
— The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,
He comes to bless our fallen race,
f He comes with messages of grace.

" 3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
> What pity he can show.—
< Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
f Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

" 4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
< Angels and men, wake every string,
ff 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

67

C. M. Cambridge. **Marlow.**

The Gospel hailed.

1 SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

p 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
— But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

f 3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

68

L. M. Uxbridge. **Duke Street.**

The Object of the Gospel.

" 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

69

L. M. Alfreton. Dunstan.

The Gospel originating in Sovereign Mercy.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read, and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

70

C. M. Canterbury. Barby.

Salvation by Grace.

p 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

f 2 But, oh my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

— 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
f But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

— 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

p 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

f 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

71

L. M. **Uxbridge.**

'' 1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

p 5 He dies—and in that dreadful night,
— Did all the powers of hell destroy;
f He rose! and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

72

S. M. Silver Street. **Pentonville.**

1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

73

C. M. Lanesboro'. **Princeton.**

The divine Character exhibited in the Gospel.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.

f 5 Now, the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CHRIST.

74

L. M. **Park Street**

Nativity of the Saviour.

'' 1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

p 2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
< Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
p Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
mf Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
p Let peace and love on earth abound,
f While time revolves and years roll round.

75

7s. **Adullum. Pilton.**

'' 1 HARK!—the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh--the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

76

8s & 7s. **Greenville.**

p'' 1 HARK!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
< Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
f Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

p 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
f "Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

p 3 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
< "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
f Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Aff Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

f 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

77

S. M. Southfield. **Penton**

'' 1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 " Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

4 " Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

78

C. M. Devizes. Conway.

f ' ' 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake the cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
p And peace on earth is given;
f For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

> 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
< His rising beams adorn;
f Let heaven and earth in concert join—
To us a Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God! in highest strains,
In highest words be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

79

S. M. St. Thomas. Pentonville.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
f His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—" The Saviour's born!"

80

8s 7s & 4s. **Greenville.**

Call to worship the new-born Saviour.

1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
p Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
p Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
— Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
p Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
— Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you [f ' '] break your chains:
p Come and worship——
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

81

8s & 7s. **Sicilian Hymn.**

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

82

C. M. Howard's. Bolton.

Design of Christ's Advent.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

83

C. M. Arlington.

Names of Christ.

1 TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

84

7s. Adullum. Lincoln.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;

From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

85

S. M. Paddington. Eastburn.

1 REJOICE in Jesus' birth!
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven!

2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains—
The God supreme—the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns!

3 Th' almighty God—is he,
Author of heavenly bliss!
The Father of Eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace!

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed;
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

86

L. M. Uxbridge. Brewer.

Deity and Humanity of Christ.

1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was—the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth—how full of grace!
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

87

L. M. Winchester. Rotterdam.

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

p 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;—
f Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

88

L. M. Truro. Sharon

Divine Glory displayed in the Person of Christ.

ff 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

89

L. M. Rotterdam. Old Hundred.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory—dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Now let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored:
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

90

H. M. Watertown. Murray

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued—and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died·

Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror, and our King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power—oh make us sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

91

C. M. Litchfield. Corinth.

Christ a Merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
mf We shall obtain delivering grace
> In each distressing hour.

92

C. M. Medford. Marlow.

Chris our Intercessor.

1 JESUS, by his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

2 Jesus is king!—behold him reign
On Zion's heavenly hill:
He seems the Lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

3 He ever lives to intercede,
By virtue of his blood;
And ceases not for all to plead,
Who come by him to God.

93

L. M. Rothwell. Shoel.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
Above our fears—above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes—and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

94

S. M. Dover. Pentonville.

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

1 JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

95

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;

All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading—
There thou dost our place prepare;
Thou for us art interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your loudest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

96

L. M. Danvers. Alfreton

Christ a living and almighty Saviour.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die:
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high:
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave:
He lives, eternally to save!

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears:
He lives, to wipe away their tears:
He lives, their mansions to prepare:
He lives, to bring them safely there!

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears:
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!

4 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord!

97

C. M. Patmos. Oakland.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terror to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

98

C. M. Stamford. Nottingham.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

99

C. M. Grafton. Barby.

Miracles of Christ.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?—
Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

100

L. M. Uxbridge.

Divinity of Christ proved by his Miracles.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders—and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

p 3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood;
— He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed—no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

101

L. M. Medway Bath.

Christ a Pattern for his Followers.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

102

C. M. Nottingham. Litchfield.

1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!

The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 When in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

103

C. M. Nottingham. **Medfield.**

1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord:
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

3 Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!

4 Oh! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!

5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

104

C. M. Nottingham. **Peterboro'**

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;

As thou hast done—so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh may that zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

105 L. M. Uxbridge

1 MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 Oh, how benevolent, and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

106 S. M. Hudson. Haverhill

Christ suffering for our Sins.

P 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

— 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

107

C. M. Medfield. Ferry

Humiliation of Christ.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise!

2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy!—love unknown!
To suffer—bleed—and die.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh wondrous grace!
For sinful man—he bled!

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

108

C. M. Dedham. Medford.

1 JESUS! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries, and for woes?
And didst thou bleed—and groan—and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

2 Victorious love! what tongue can tell
The wonders of thy power;
Which conquered all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

109

C. M. St. Austin's.

Death of Christ on the Cross.

Aff 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed—and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 "Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head—
> He bows his head—and dies!

f ! ! 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
Aff O Lamb of God—was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

110

L. M. Medway. Middlebury.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
Descends the sacred—crimson tide!

2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No—he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?

4 Come—dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

111

8s 7s & 4. Greenville.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!

See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
"It is finished!"—
Saints, the dying words record!

f 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

112

C. M. Medfield. Ely.

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

113

L. M. Ralston.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus—thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:—
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

114

S. M. Olmutz. Haverhill.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

Aff 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

f 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

115

L. M. Uxbridge.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

p 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!—
f But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

116

C. M. Warwick. Brattle Street.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

p 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave—
f Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

117

7s Turin.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

118

L. M. Medway. Middlebury.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 Yes, there's a great physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give!

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

119

L. M. Hebron. Nazareth.

1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn

f 5 Exult, my soul, with holy joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ,
Salvation thine eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

120

S. M. Pentonville. St. Thomas

Christ the Bread of Life.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood—
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

121

S. M. Pentonville. Dover

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!—
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

122

7s. Turin. Sabbath.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

123

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn

Christ the Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of life and light Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
Oh thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

124

7s. **Hotham.**

Christ a Refuge.

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Helpless hangs my soul on thee:
Leave, oh! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

125

C. M. Franklin. Dedham.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

126

S. M. Hudson. St. Thomas.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
Oh never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

127

H. M. Darwell's. Triumph.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear—
Hark!—as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say—
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry—
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

128

7s. Bath Abbey. Lincoln.

f!! 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour—seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide:
Gracious conqueror, through them ride,
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

ff 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

129

C. M. Howard's. Litchfield.

1 BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

p 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay—
— Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold the Lord in vain;
f Behold the mighty conqueror rise,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord
These sacred hours we pay,
ff And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

130

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington.

Redemption completed by the Resurrection.

Solo.
'' 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"—
Semi-chorus.
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

Solo.
2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Semi-chorus.
Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

Solo.
3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Semi-chorus.
Then hell has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

Solo.
4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Semi-chorus.
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Chorus.
ff 5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

131

7s. Edyfield. Lincoln.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:

He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises—mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners! see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With your risen Saviour, rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

132

7s. Pilton. Lincoln

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight—the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King—
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save—
Where thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him—like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

133

7s. Lincoln. Edyfield.

Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;

Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

134

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn

Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshipped.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps, we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."

135

C. M. Devizes. Marlow.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:

Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on his head.

136

C. M. Nottingham. Medford

1 HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he—how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

137

L. M. Alfreton. Uxbridge

Christ the Lord of Angels.

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,

Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord! when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send thy beloved angels down
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

138

L. M. Lowell. Enfield

Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life! we own
The royal honors of thy throne:
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Wide may thy cross thy virtues prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.

139

C. M. Devizes. Cambridge.

Christ crowned as Lord of All.

1 ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

140

8s 7s & 4s. Westborough.

'' 1 LOOK! ye saints—the sight is glorious;
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow:
f Crown him!—crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.

'' 2 Hark!—those bursts of acclamation—
Hark!—those loud, triumphant chords—
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown him!—crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

141

6s & 4s. Italian Hymn.

Christ's final Triumph.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame:
What wonders done!
Shout through hell's dark profound;
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
p His dying love adore—
f Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come!
p While they who pierced him wail—
— His promise shall not fail;
< Saints, see your King prevail:—
f Great Saviour, come.

142

C. M. Litchfield. Corinth.

Pity and Condescension of Christ.

1 THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
> And doomed to endless wo.

p 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
— While angels view with wondering eyes,
f And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Aff Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

143

C. M. Covington. Baldwin

1 BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

144

L. M. Brewer. Montgomery.

Safe trusting in Christ.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

p 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;

— With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

145

L. M. Medway. Hagu

1 JESUS, no other name but thine,
Is given by everlasting love,
To lead our souls to joys divine;
No other name will God approve.

2 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart!
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps—and rule my heart.

3 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My safety dwells—and peace divine;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

146

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Edyfiel

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of mercy's healing stream:
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.

2 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome all to Jesus' rest.
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

3 He subdued th' infernal powers,
His inveterate foes, and ours:
These he from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

f 4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

147

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn. Messina.

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

148

8s & 7s. Walpole. Greenville.

Christ a Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?—
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

149

8s & 7s. Greenville.

Christ dwelling in his People.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Come! almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

150

L. M. Uxbridge. Duke Street.

Christ's unchanging Love the Safety of his People.

'' 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives!—he lives, and reigns above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high—nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

151

S. M. Pentonville. Hudson

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

f 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

152

C. M. Colchester. St. Ann's.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All whom his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Safe, on the bosom of his love,
Shall they forever rest.

153

C. M. Litchfield. Corinth.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

154

C. M. Grafton. St. Austin's.

Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, th' almighty Saviour, died
For man, the rebel's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

155

C. M. Patmos. Barby

1 HOW condescending, and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

156

L. M. Medway. Uxbridge.

1 THOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

2 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

3 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

157

C. M. Barby. Grafton.

1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

158

C. M. **Great Milton.**

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

159

S. M. **Dover. Pentonville**

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

f 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
p< And sweeter voices tune the song
f Of Moses and the Lamb!

160

C. M. Baldwin. Deerfield

'' 1 AWAKE—awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart, and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

p 3 To dwell with misery here below
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

f'' 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues,
Their grateful worship pay.

161

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, each tongue, such guilty silence,
Praise the Lord, who came to die.

2 Hosts of angels sang thy coming,
Watchful shepherds learnt their lays—
Shame would cover us, ungrateful,
Should our tongues refuse their praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo,
All to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow our praise—forever flow!

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool—take thy throne;
Yet return, and reign forever,
Be the kingdom all thine own!

162

C. M. Litchfield. Barby.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts—unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 How great the riches of his grace!
He left his throne above;
And, swift to save our ruined race,
He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
> And doomed to endless wo.

4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our low abode;
— While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
mf And hailed th' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

163

L. M. Gilead. Old Hundred.

Worthy the Lamb.

f 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign—
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

164

6s & 4s. Italian Hymn.

'' 1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name.

In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

165

6s & 4s. Italian Hymn

!! 1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

p!! 3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!—
Aff There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
f While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

166

C. M. Devizes. Marlow.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

167

L. M. Hingham.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name!

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

168

C. M. Dedham. Westford.

Excellency of Christ.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

169

C. P. M. Rapture. Hobart.

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

170

L. M. Hingham. Bath.

1 WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of glory shine;
I feel his love—and call him mine.

mp 3 Yet still, O Lord, my waiting eyes
mf To nobler visions long to rise;
f That grand assembly would I join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

171

C. M. York. Barby.

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 YE earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove:

Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Dear Lord, forbid!—oh! bind this heart—
This roving heart of mine—
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

172

C. M. Covington. Rye.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

173

C. M. Mansfield. Eustis.

1 BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

p 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;

— Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see ;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee ?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?—
Search, Lord—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

f 5 No—thou art precious to my heart—
My portion and my joy :
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

174 C. M. Corinth. Chesterfield.

Christ precious.

dol 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to my ear ;
< Fain would I sound it out so loud,
— That earth and heaven might hear.

2 What'er my noblest powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

mf 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
p And sheds its fragrance there ;
f> The noblest balm of all its wounds,
p The cordial of its care !

f 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
> With my last laboring breath ;
< Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
— And trust thy love in death.

175 C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

dol 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore ;
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

f 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
p> My bleeding—dying Lord.

— 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
p And sins and sorrows rise—
f Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

p 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
Len And I again complain.

m' ' 5 Jesus, my Lord—my life—my light,
< Oh! come with blissful ray;
f Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

176

C. M. **Franklin. Howard's.**

1 THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so dear can be.

2 Oh may we ever hear thy voice!
In mercy to us speak!
In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 Jesus shall ever be our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

177

L. M. **Bath. Danvers.**

1 JESUS! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

2 How soon, O Lord, will life decay!
How soon this world will pass away!
Ah! what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

3 Oh! then be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

178

C. M. Mansfield. Bedford.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

f 5 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

179

C. M. Medfield. Dundee.

1 JESUS! to thy celestial light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And lost in helpless wo.

2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free:
Be all I am—and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
Oh! give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

180

C. M. St. Martin's. Nottingham.

1 AND why do our admiring eyes
These gospel glories see?

And whence—doth every heart reply—
Salvation sent to me?

2 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
And show my sins forgiven?
And bear thy witness to my part
Among the heirs of heaven?

3 Redeemed by thee, most gracious Lord,
We'll sing our Saviour's name;
And while the long salvation lasts,
Its sovereign power proclaim.

181

L. M. Timsbury. Arnheim.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus?—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save!

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

182

C. M. Westmoreland. Colchester.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

183

C. M. Nottingham. Stamford

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love,
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And suffered all my shame?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

f 3 No, Lord—I'm not ashamed of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth—
Aff Oh do not be ashamed of me,
Len When I resign my breath.

mf 4 Be thou my shield—be thou my sun—
Oh guide me all my days,
And let my feet with joy still run
In thy delightful ways.

184

C. M. Corinth. Canterbury.

The Ingratitude of rejecting Christ.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft—no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 Dear Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.

185

L. M. Medway.

1 OH stubborn hearts, that could withstand
The efforts of a Saviour's hand!

Oh gracious Saviour, who would'st bleed,
When words and tears could not succeed!

2 Dear Lord, in me thy power exert,
Subdue my proud, unfeeling heart,
Then through the earth, in mercy reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain.

8s & 7s. Benson. Messina.

186

Rejoicing before the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

C. M. Nottingham. Patmos.

187

The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt—despair—and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

188

L. M. Bath. Uxbridge.

The World crucified to us by the Cross.

1 HOW great the wonders of that cross,
Where our Redeemer bled and died!
Its noblest life our spirit draws
From his deep wounds and pierced side.

2 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own:
And all the heavenly joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

3 Let sin's delights be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem:
The love of Christ fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him!

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

189

L. M. Danvers. Luton.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing—so divine,
Demands my soul—my life—my all.

190

L. M. Bath. Ralston

Faith contemplating Christ's Sufferings.

1 NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise,
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount, and see his throne above.

mp 2 See where he languished on the cross!
Beneath our sins he groaned and died:—
mf See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his almighty Father's side!

3 How shall we, pardoned rebels, show
How much we love our Saviour God?
Lord! here we'd banish every foe—
We hate the sins which cost thy blood.

191

C. M. Mear. Irish.

1 PREPARE us, Lord! to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope—
"The Saviour died for me!"

192

L. M. Lowell. Effingham.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

ff 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us—he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

f 5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
ff All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven!

193

L. M. Alfreton. Duke Street.

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,

Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he, who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he, who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord—nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

194

L. M. Danvers. Bath

The Church rejoicing in her King.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
f Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

195

S. M. Utica. Hudson.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise ;
On wings of faith we soar above
To mansions in the skies.

HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M. Danvers. Nazareth.

196 *The Spirit enlightening and renewing.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

f 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

p 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
< Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
> Thy words allay the stormy wind—
p And calm the surges of the mind.

S. M. Dover. Pentonville.

197 *The indwelling Influences of the Spirit.*

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

198

L. M. Medway. Bath.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
Oh show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

199

C. M. Lutzen. Stephens.

Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

200

C. M. St. Martin's. Stamford

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold th' ascended Lord
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
And thus fulfils his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

Aff 4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

201

L. M. Duke Street.

Descent of the Holy Spirit.

1 BLEST day! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.

2 While by his power these signs were wrought,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save!

3 Sure peace with God!—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live!

202

S. M. Little Marlboro'. Haverhill.

Influences of the Spirit implored

[To renew and sanctify.]

Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

203

S. M. Olmutz. Hudson.

Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
mf To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

mp 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
mf Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

204

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Edyfield.

Aff 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all his beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

205

L. M. Alfreton. St. Paul's

Aff 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou—and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh! let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

206

C. M. Grafton. Medfield.

[To quicken.]

Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

mf 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
> Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
— And that shall kindle ours.

207

L. M. Hingham. Ward.

[To guide.]

Aff 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian—thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him forever blest:
mf Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there!

208

C. M. Dedham. Ely.

Aff 1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

209

L. M. Summer. Warrington.

[To prepare for Worship.]

Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see:
Oh! soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

210
C. M. St. Martin's. Mear.

Aff 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
f And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

211
C. M. Bedford. York.

Aff 1 FATHER of all—in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
Oh fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

212
H. M. Bethesda.

Aff 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We—children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

213

8s & 7s. Benson. Messina.

[To comfort.]

Aff 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life—and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

214

7s. Benson. Alsen.

1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

215

7s. Alcester. Naples.

Aff 1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

216

7s & 6s. Amsterdam.

Aff 1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above:
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And, within, oh deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

217

L. M. Medway. Bath.

Aff 1 GREAT God, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest!—
How great the favor!—how divine!

2 When sin prevails—and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

5 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell—O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

218

L. M. Medway. Bath

1 THE Holy Spirit sure is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

219

S. M. Bethany. Haverhill.

Aff 1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

220

L. M. Hingham. Brentford.

Aff 1 BREATHE, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervor glow:
Oh, kindle there a Saviour's love,
True sympathy with human wo.

2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee;
Oh, speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not thee.

3 Give us to taste thy heavenly joy,
Our hopes to brightest glory raise;
Guide us to bliss without alloy,
And tune our hearts to endless praise.

221

C. M. Medfield. Oakland.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?—
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

222

C. M. Mansfield. Medfield

Aff 1 ETERNAL Spirit!—God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

223

L. M. Sunderland. Uxbridge

P 1 THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
Through grace abounding in the Son.

224

L. M. Hingham. Bowen

Aff 1 SPIRIT of peace! immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign:
Come, fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

2 Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.

3 Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, though in all his terrors dressed;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

225

L. M. Windham. Hingham.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

Aff 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit—stay!
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release:
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

L. M. Hingham. Danvers.

226

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls,
Thy just displeasure ever mourn;
Thy Spirit, grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess these longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest:
Here be thy grace anew displayed,
Be this thine everlasting rest.

227

L. M. Danvers. Rotterdam.

1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

p 2 Return, O Lord—our spirits cry—
Our graces droop—our comforts die;
— Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

mf 3 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
f Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
ff Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

L. M. Windham.

228

The broad and narrow Ways.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

229

C. M. Grafton. Rochester.

1 STRAIT is the way—the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

230

S. M. Cedron. Haverhill.

The Way of Sin not the Way to Heaven.

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

231

L. M. Ralston. Hingham

Danger of rejecting Christ.

p'' 1 HARK! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!—

Aff Sinner! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.

2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
<> Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
Aff O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

232

L. M. **Ralston. Uxbridge.**

One Thing needful.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

Aff 4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

233

8s, 7s & 4. **Greenville.**

The Sinner invited and threatened.

1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
< Hark! the awful thunders rolling
f Loud, and louder o'er your head;—
mp Turn, O sinner!—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

— 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!—
You must perish—if you stay.

234

8s. 7s & 4. Greenville. Greece.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
"Pardon to each rebel sinner!—
Free forgiveness in his name."—
How important!—
"Free forgiveness in his name!"

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors—grovelling worldlings
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?—
Offered to you by the Lord!

6 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

235

S. M. Mornington. Miletus.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
Oh seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

Len

236

7s. Norwich. Edyfield.

1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake! and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

237

7s. Norwich. Edyfield

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

238

C. M. Medford. Judea

The Gospel Trumpet.

'' 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
> And pine away and die—
— Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
mp Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

239

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!—
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

240

8s & 4. Leyden. Pomfret.

ff 1 HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine!

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

fff 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
Forever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

241

L. M. Slade. Waterville.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

mp 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest, who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
f But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

mp 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

mf 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

242

7s. Rutland. Adullum.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

243

C. M. Baldwin. Howard's

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

Aff 4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

244

7s. Benson. Alsen.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

245

C. M. Eastport. Dedham

Invitation to the Heavy-laden.

1 ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal wo,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

mf ! ! 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

Aff 4 Come then, ye heavy-laden—come!
His instant help implore:
> Millions have found a peaceful home—
mf There's room for millions more.

246

L. M. Wakefield. Danvers.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes;

Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

247

C. M. Eastport. Patmos

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!

4 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts!
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

248

S. M. Haverhill. Little Marlboro'.

1 OH, cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

249

8s, 7s & 4. **Greenville.**

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able——
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money——
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody cross behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies—
"It is finished!"——
Heaven's atoning sacrifice!

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus——
Can do helpless sinners good.

250

H. M. **Harwich.**

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo!
Now mercy calls again,
Its message is to you!
Ye perishing and guilty, come!
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
To him whoever will may come,
In Jesus' arms there still is room.

251

C. M. Dedham. Oakland

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to th' atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise—return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

252

12s. Scotland.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain;'
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever!

253

S. M. Haverhill. Pentonville

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come!'

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

254

C. M. Dedham. Princeton.

1 OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

C. M. St. Martin's. Stephens.

255

The Gospel Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains—and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.

3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

256

L. M. 61. Palestine. Belville.

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

1 PEACE, humbled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

257

L. M Hebron. Ward.

Sinners invited to Living Waters.

1 HO! every one that thirsts—draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters—come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free to all.

258
L. M. **Hebron. Slade.**

The River of Life.

1 GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

f 5 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
> And bear us, on thy gentle wave—
— To him who all thy virtues gave.

259
S. M. **Southfield. Miletus.**

Now the accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

mp 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
— Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

260
S. M. **Little Marlboro'. Dunbar.**

1 ALL yesterday is gone!
To-morrow's not our own;

O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne?
2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart:
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.

261

C. M. Rochester. Dedham.

Pardon and Sanctification offered.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.
3 Come—and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that dear fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.
4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.
5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

262

C. M. Mear. York.

God's gracious Call to Sinners.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above:
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.
2 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
By Christ the living way;
And praise thee for this hour of grace
Through an eternal day!

263

C. M. Grafton. Corinth.

1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

264

L. M. Uxbridge. Duke Street.

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
Blessed is the man that hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth, and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.

265

7s. Turin. Pilton.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

1 YE, who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

266

7s. Norwich. Alsen.

1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:

He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love;—

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die?

267

L. M. Windham. Ralston.

Expostulation.

1 SINNER, oh why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!—
Forever telling, yet untold!

CONVICTION AND CONFESSION.

268

C. M. Grafton. Medfiela

Conviction by the Law.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load—
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God! I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save,
Oh! break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

269

S. M. Olmutz. Little Marlboro'.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see—or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
mf A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

270

L. M. Medway. Middlebury.

Impenitence deplored.

1 AMID displays of wrath and love,
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we!
No relish for the joys of heaven,
No dread of endless misery.

2 With what a base contempt we treat
Thy threatenings and thy promises!
Duty neglect—and mercy slight,
Nor fear to sin—nor seek to please.

3 Could angels weep—for us they'd mourn :
Break, then, these flinty hearts, O God!
Sure we must melt beneath thy grace,
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.

271

C. M. Grafton. Spencer

Confession.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

3 Oh spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father! for his sake
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

272

C. M. Grafton. Eastport.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

p 2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

— 3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

mf 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

273

C. M. Barby. Stamford.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

f 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

274

L. M. Middlebury.

1 DEAR Jesus—when—when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Sometimes revive—sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord—when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

275

C. M. Medfield. Spencer.

Prayer for Repentance.

1 OH for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!—

4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

276

C. M. Patmos. Bether

Repentance in View of Divine Patience.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis boundless! 'tis amazing love!
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—"Forbear"—
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace.

mp 4 Lord—we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

mf '' 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
< Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
f And drive thy foes away.

277

S. M. Dartmouth. Mornington.

Ingratitude deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!

What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh!
mf ! ! Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
— And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

278

C. M. Burford. Grafton.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

mf 4 Break, sovereign grace—oh break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

279

7s. Norwich.

1 GOD of mercy!—God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted—time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent,—

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These—and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne!

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

280

C. P. M. **Aithlone.**

The Penitent surrendering.

1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

mf 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

281

S. M. **Haverhill. Cedron.**

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
p He shed those tears—for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;—
mf In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

282

C. M. Medfield. Bethel.

1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart:—

3 From Jesus—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

283

7s. Norwich. Pleyel's Hymn.

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me!
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Yet how great his mercies are!
Me he still delights to spare;
Cries—"How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

5 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Deeply my revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. M. Wachusett. **Lebanon.**

284

Sins bewailed as causing the Death of Christ.

1 OH, if my soul was formed for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

f!! 4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die—
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
> That made my Saviour bleed.

p 5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view—
f I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

C. M. Grafton. **Medfield.**

285

Self-righteous Hopes renounced.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth
Without a murmuring word,
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

mf 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

286

L. M. Uxbridge. Alfreton

1 NO more, my God—I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes—and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

287

C. M. Spencer. Grafton.

Pardon implored.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

288

L. M. 6l. Salisbury. Dresden.

1 FATHER of mercies—God of love!
Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile:
No—when I bow before thy throne—
Dare to converse with God awhile—
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea—
Dearest and sweetest name to me!

3 Father of mercies—God of love!
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

289

L. M. Alfreton. Uxbridge.

1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of bliss above,
Shed down a look of heavenly love;
That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
And bid my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

290

C. M. Spencer. Grafton.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

mf 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

291

S. M. Boxford. Dartmouth.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Oh, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

292

C. M. Eastport. Lebanon.

Absence from God deprecated.

1 OH thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—'Return'?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

293

S. M. Haverhill. **Hudson.**

Returning to Christ.

mf ! ! 1 YE sons of earth, arise!
Ye creatures of a day!
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

Aff 3 Blest Saviour—Lord of all!
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live!

4 Our former years misspent,
Now let us deeply mourn;
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return!

294

C. M. Grafton. **Lebanon**

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—'Return.'
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love.

< 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
f How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
> A heart so vile as mine.

— 5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet!—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

295

L. M. Medway. Middlebury.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till ev'ry grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

296

L. M. Windham. Hamburg.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn:
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 Oh, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

297

C. M. Baldwin. Litchfield.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

p 2 With gentle voice, call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.

mf 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead,
p The darkest path I'll tread;
f With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
Len And mingle with the dead.

— 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure,
f Shall crowns of life bestow.

C. M. Judea. Peterboro'.

298

Faith, the Evidence of Things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

S. M. Mornington. Southfield.

299

Source and Office of Faith.

1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
> When filled with deep distress,
— Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

300

C. M. Patmos. Eastport

A living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power:
f With holy triumph fill the soul
Len In death's approaching hour.

301

L. M. Duke Street.

Walking by Faith.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide—and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar—and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

302

C. M. Patmos. Dedham.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares:
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5. There, still unshaken, would we rest,
> Till this frail body dies;
f And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

303

C. P. M. **Aithlone.**

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
p And sweetly whisper to my heart,
— 'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

mf 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
f Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

304

L. M. **Alfreton. Rotterdam.**

1 HERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie:
Resolved—for that's my last defence—
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, O Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes—I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
f Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And loudest praises to his name.

305

C. M. Judea. Jordan.

Love the chief Grace.

1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain—
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
f 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
> In realms of endless peace.

306

L. M. Uxbridge.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

307

C. M. Baldwin. Christmas.

God the Portion of the Soul.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

308

S. M. Lisbon. St. Thomas.

1 MY God—my life—my love,
To thee—to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Nor earth—nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No—not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

f 3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

309

C. M. Bedford. Medfield.

1 MY God—my portion—and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,

Without thy graces—and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

310

C. M. Dundee. Litchfield.

1 ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
Oh! could I say, 'The Lord is mine!'
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
Oh! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.—

f 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God:
ff Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

311

C. M. Mansfield. Dundee.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
< Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
mf And make me fully blest.

312

L. M. Middlebury. Denton.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither—ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here, sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life—my joy—my care:
Depart from thee?—'tis death—'tis more—
> 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

— 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells—and peace divine:
mf Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life—eternal life is thine.

313

C. M. Judea. Grafton. Dedham.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—

mf 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy—which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

314

S. M. St. Thomas. Eastburn.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

315

C. M. Walney. St. Martin's.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
p How tender—and how dear!
— Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

f 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
> And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
f Nor can the sign deceive.

316

S. M. Haverhill. Little Marlboro'.

1 MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.

2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed,
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

mf 3 While thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

p 4 Father, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine:

5 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
'Till all my care and toil below
Len In rest eternal end.

317

C. M. Dundee. Canterbury.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father God!'
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

mf 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
f Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

Aff 4 My Father!—oh! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

318

C. M. Stamford. Litchfield.

Aff 1 MY God, my Father—blissful name!-
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
> And trust his tender care.

319

C. M. Colchester. Stamford.

Strength and Protection from God.

mf | | 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell!
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
> And youthful vigor cease;
f But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

320

C. M. Barby. Litchfield.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God?—
Our God forever near?

2 Dost thou a Father's kindness feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?

mf | | 3 Why droop our hearts—why flow our tears,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows, and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

— 4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to trust thy word;
mf And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

321

C. M. Grafton. Eastport.

1 GREAT Source of boundless power and grace!
Attend my mournful cry;

In hours of dark and deep distress,
To thee alone I fly.

2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay;
Assist my feeble trust;
Oh! drive my gloomy fears away,
And raise me from the dust.

3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name;
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
Forever is the same.

4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die;
Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raise my pleasures high.

5 Here let me rest—on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
mf Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I shall never fall.

322

C. M. **Burford. Medfield.**

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble prayer;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the cheering morn appear?
And when my joys arise?

2 My God! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father, and my Friend!
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend!—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest, till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh make my heavy sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

mf 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

323

C. M. Dundee. Medfield

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
f And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

324

S. M. Olmutz. St. Thomas.

Trust in God.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
  That stays himself on thee!—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
mf Shall thy salvation see.

L. M. Uxbridge.

325

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

C. M. Dedham. Stamford.

326

Filial Obedience.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
  Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
  The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
  Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
  His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour
  To God within the vail;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
  And joys that never fail.

4 Oh happy souls!—oh glorious state
  Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
  And see his lovely face.

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
  Call me a child of thine;

Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy tender love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
f Then shall I say, 'My Father, God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

S. M. Little Marlboro'. St. Thomas.

327

Death to Sin by the Cross of Christ.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

L. M. Alfreton. Danvers.

328

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support—its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love—his glorious power.

329

S. M. Mornington. St. Thomas.

The vigilant Servant.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

330

C. M. Lebanon. Medfield.

God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and blessed be his name—
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

331

C. M. Dundee. Burford.

1 O THOU, whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seem severe,

Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

332

C. M Grafton. Stamford.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No—gracious God!—take what thou please;
To thee I all resign.

333

C. M. Spencer. Litchfield.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind;
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;

There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

334

C. M. Medfield. Litchfield

p 1 IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Allay thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
A father's bowels move:
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love."

mf 3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face;
And hope, amid our sighs, shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

mp 4 Receive, at length, my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
mf Then shall I learn a song of praise,
Eternal as thy love.

335

C. M. Dedham. Oakland.

Safe trusting in God.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No—rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?—
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that vails my skies
Will drive these thoughts away.

336

S. M. **Bethany.**

Faith prevailing in Trouble.

1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

337

C. M. **Westford. Eastport. Princeton.**

mp 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend:—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

338

C. M. Medfield. Clarendon.

A submissive and docile Spirit.

1 THOU boundless source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil:
Help us t' adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy name to fear;
Oh give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life—and labor rest.
mf If thou art with us there.

339

C. M. Dundee. Barby

Contentment.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

mp 2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
< Thy presence through my journey shine,
mf And crown my journey's end.'

C. M. Stamford. Colchester.

340

God's Covenant a Security in Trouble.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
My Saviour my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy covenant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
< And when I wake, shall still employ
mf My everlasting song.

S. M. Haverhill. Dover.

341

Casting our Cares on God.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
p And peace and comfort find.

— 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
mf I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

S. M. Olmutz. Mornington.

342

Humbly waiting on God.

1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great—but not so great
As his compassions are.

343

L. M. Ralston. Appleton.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work—the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 Wait then, my soul—submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
'Midst all the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

C. M. Colchester. Stamford.

344

Bearing Shame for Christ.

mf 1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

345

C. M. Grafton. Dedham.

Sincerity.

1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain?
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong—oh set me right!
If right—preserve me so!

346

L. M. Slade. Germany.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come—fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts—my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope, and peace divine,
Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins—my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

347

C. M. Eastport. Patmos.

Chiding ourselves for spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers! why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants!—for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move—
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

Aff 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?—
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.

mf 6 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
< With hands of faith—and wings of love,
f To fly and take the prize.

348

C. M. Bedford. Stamford.

Deliverance from Sin desired.

1 THOU great Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh make my soul alive to thee;
Create new powers within.

2 Renew mine eyes—and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In that new world thy grace hath made,
I would forever dwell.

349

C. M. Grafton. Barby.

1 OH may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.

2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

350

C. M. Howard's. Wachusett.

1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 Oh for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life, nor death, can part,
From him that dwells within.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is love.

351

L. M. Appleton. Medway.

1 AND dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt?'
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
Oh be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

352

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Norwich.

1 LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix—oh fix our wavering mind!
To thy cross our spirits bind:

Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

353

C. M. Stamford. Grafton.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires,
Oh! for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way;

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
In thee I'm ever blest.

354

L. M. Summer. Danvers.

1 COME, gracious Lord—descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

355

S. M. St. Thomas. Mornington.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

C. M. Wachusett. **Princeton.**

356

Longing for a closer Walk with God.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!—
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

mf 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
p Calm and serene my frame;
< So purer light shall mark the road
mf That leads me to the Lamb.

357

C. M. Stamford. Walney.

Christians perfected by Grace through Christ.

1 FATHER of peace! and God of love!
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

3 So may the Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will;
Our treacherous hearts no more shall rove,
But keep thy covenant still.

mf 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigor on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

358

L. M. Gloucester. Sparta.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;

They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.

8 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Eternal life is their reward.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEWED IN VARIOUS RELATIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

S. M. Mornington. **Shirland.**

359

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds:
Our hearts, our souls we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

360

L. M. Alfreton. Hague

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?—
Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build—and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

361

L. M. Rothwell. Sheffield

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives—he lives! who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above:
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

4 He lives!—all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
How great the joy this sentence gives,
'I know that my Redeemer lives!'

L. M. Rotterdam. Uxbridge.

362

Deriving Strength from Christ.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day;'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak—then am I strong;
Grace is my shield—and Christ my song.

C. M. Covington. Mansfield.

363

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour, and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms
Be dead to every sin;
< And tell the boldest foe without,
f That Jesus reigns within.

364

7s. Alsen. Norwich

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy fruit my spirit feed.

p 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Without thee, I droop and die;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

— 3 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end!
Give me thy supporting grace,
mf Take the everlasting praise.

365

L. M. Danvers. Hebron.

Christian Fellowship.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love!—what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and human wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.

366

S. M. Olmutz. Pentonville.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

mf 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

— 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free;
< And perfect love and friendship reign
mf Through all eternity.

367

C. M. Corinth. Arlington.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

mf 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

368

7s. Edyfield.

1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

369

C. M. Medfield. Dedham.

1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart!

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.

3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
We're one in mind and heart;
Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place,
Not life, nor death can part.

370

L. M. Medway. Bath.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, O Lord, within thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows:
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Oh may we meet around thy throne.

371

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

372

C. M. Ferry. Arlington.

Dedication to God.

1 ETERNAL Father—God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine—wholly thine—oh let us be!
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost—the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

373

C. M. Medford. Dedham.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory e'er efface.

4 Oh may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;

Nor e'er forsake the happy path
  Their fathers' feet have trod.

374

C. M. Dundee. **Medfield.**

Joining the Church of Christ.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
  Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
  A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
  Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
  Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
  But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
  All needful aid supply.

4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
  And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
  Turn thou our prayers to praise.

375

L. M. Danvers. **Nazareth**

1 OH happy day, that fixed my choice
  On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
  And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
  To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
  While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
  I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
  Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
  Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
  Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast,

5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
  That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
  And bless in death a bond so dear.

376

L. M. Medway. Danvers

A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love:
Oh may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above!

377

S. M. St. Thomas. Hudson.

All one in Christ.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

378

L. M. Mendon. Rothwell.

The heavenly Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls—away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
> Shall melt away—and droop—and die.

f'' 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

379

C. M. Christmas. Stephens.

'' 1 AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

380

L. M. Monson. Mendon.

Christian Warfare and Victory.

f'' 1 STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
p'' There peace and joy eternal reign,
— And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

f'' 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

S. M. St. Thomas. Pentonville.

381 *Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.*

'' 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

C. M. Stamford. Stephens

382 *Christian Courage and Self-denial.*

'' 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?—
And shall I fear to own his cause?—
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight—if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

C. M. Grafton. Bether.

383

Succor implored in spiritual Conflicts.

Aff 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven oh let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance!—ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
Oh bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

C. M. Patmos. Judea.

384

The heavenly Mansion.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

385

C. M. Arlington. Judea.

Hope of Heaven by Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a joyful hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust?
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his followers must.

4 To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till his salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

386

L. M. 6l. Dresden. Eaton.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there forever sit with thee?
f Then, let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

— 2 What transport, Lord, shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
f From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
> My soul shall find its rest in thee.

L. M. Alfreton. Duke Street.

387 *The Sight of God and Christ the Joy of Heaven.*

1 OH! for a sight—a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all!

3 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
f While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

— 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amidst them there,
And view thy face—and sing thy love?

388

L. M. Ralston. Appleton.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies!
p How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

— 3 Great All in All! eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

S. M. Utica. Pentonville.

389 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

f 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

390

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Pilton.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

Aff 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

C. M. Christmas. Litchfield.

391

This Life a Pilgrimage.

mp 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy?

2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
< But we march upward still;
mf Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

dol 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Len Our weary souls shall sit—
— And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

f 4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

392

C. M. Medford. Dedham.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace;
That thou wilt walk—that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's sinful race.

2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,—
That break its way to God.

393

L. M. Uxbridge. Danvers.

1 ARISE, my soul! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting vail—and see
The glories of eternity!

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking back to God?
Or can I love this earth so well
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

394

L. M. Hingham. Ward.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here;
We seek a land beyond our sight;
f !! Zion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

p 2 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!

mf Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

p!! 3 But hush, my soul—nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
mf While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.

395

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

C. M. Grafton. Medfield.

396

Contemplation of Death and Glory.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:—

3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,

And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

397

C. M. Patmos. Judea.

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

mp 1 LET death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

— 2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
mp This feeble soul of mine.

— 4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion—and my friend;
f To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

398

C. M. Bedford. St. Martin's.

1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,
< Our ardent souls shall rise,
f To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

399

C. M. Christmas. Warwick.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

f !! 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
Aff May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;—

mp 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Len Across my peaceful breast.

400

C. M. Litchfield. Corinth.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

mf 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

401

C. M. Stephens. Judea.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! joyful and transporting scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds—no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
> Sickness and sorrow—pain and death—
< Are felt and feared no more.

— 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

402

C. M. Nottingham. York

Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
> But death shall land our weary souls
— Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his high commands
Our cheerful feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

403

P. M. Pisgah

mf ' ' 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud—and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We lift our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine, that made us thine,
Shall keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we will break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 Faith now beholds the glory,
To which thou wilt restore us,
And earth despise, for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

404

C. M. Colchester. Stamford

Unshaken Hope.

1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills, and stately towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock
Of my salvation stands.

405

C. M. Marlow. Judea.

Communion of Saints on Earth with Saints in Heaven.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

mp 4 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
Len And soon expect to die!

Aff 5 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
Len And land us safe in heaven.

406

C. M Westford. Marlow

Saints cheered with the Hope of Heaven.

mp 1 COME, humble souls—ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

mf 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

3 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure, and his joy,
His children, and his friends.

Aff 4 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

5 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

f 6 Transporting hope!—still on my soul
With radiant glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

407

C. M. Marlow. Westford.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road:
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
> While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
— Like shadows, all are fled.

f!! 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

C. M. Oakland. Barby.

408

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

mp 4 But now—when evening shade prevails—
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
Len No light to me returns.

Aff 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
Oh make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

409

H. M. Bethesda.

1 WHERE is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppressed:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My dearest Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
mf Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

410

L. M. Medway. Sparta.

1 OH where is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy—the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again, we turn to thee;
Oh cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have—no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

411

L. M. **Medway. Bath.**

Cold Affections lamented.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom—sweet delight.

mf 3 Come, dearest Lord—thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
f And fill my heart and life with praise,
Len And tune my last, expiring breath.

412

C. M. **Patmos. Ferry.**

Backsliding and Returning.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

4 Wretch that I am! to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Nor ever lose thy sight.

413

C. M. **Grafton. Medfield.**

1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains;
And mourns with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls me home,
How heavily they move!

3 Oh cleanse me in my Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
Make me, O Lord, thy blest abode
And let me rove no more!

414

S. M. Little Marlboro'.

Departure from Christ lamented.

1 OH thou, who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious, and perverse,
Do not a child disown!

2 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be;
Confirm my faith—inflame my love,
And draw my soul to thee.

415

L. M. Hingham. Medway.

Returning and choosing God.

1 MY gracious Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part,
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if thou hast died,
If thou hast died to ransom me?

3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
mf My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, my happiness and heaven.

4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
< That idol from my breast I'll tear,
mf Resolved to seek my all from thee.

— 5 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
mf With joy I all for thee resign:
Give me thyself—I ask no more.

416

S. M. St. Thomas. Pentonville

1 MY soul, review the time
In which my God I sought;
I cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all my fainting heart
His secret vigor spread;
To me his strength he did impart,
And raised my drooping head.

f!! 3 Now will I raise my voice,
In loud and cheerful song;
With all the saints will I rejoice,
Who to his courts belong.

4 With them the path I'll trace,
Which leads to his abode;
With them I'll sing redeeming grace,
Along the joyful road.

5 Within his sacred walls,
I shall be ever blest;
I'll follow where my Father calls,
Len And seek his heavenly rest.

417

8s. & 4. Islington. South Street

1 CREATE, O God, my powers anew,
Make my whole heart sincere and true;
Oh cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray
Still cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favor, bliss divine!
Those heavenly joys that once were mine;
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

mf 3 Then will I teach thy sacred ways;
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God
With hearts sincere.

p 4 Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain;
Remove the blood-polluted stain;—
f Then shall my heart adoring trace,
< My Saviour God, the boundless grace,
f That flows from thee.

418

C. M. St. Martin's. Stamford.

1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
With sweet and quickening grace,
To cheer and warm my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.

2 Awake, my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude, and joy:
Vain world, be gone—let things above
My happy thoughts employ.

3 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would forever own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

4 Instruct my mind—my will subdue,
To heaven my passions raise;
And let my life forever be
Devoted to thy praise.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

419

S. M. Southfield. Clapton

Safety of the Church.

'' 1 HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
> And live in perfect peace;—
— You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
f'' Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

420

L. M. Mendon. Marietta.

mf'' 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength—and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
> That break and die upon the shore.

f'' 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

— 5 God is our shield—and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

C. M. Stephens. Arlington.

421 *The Promise to Believers and their Children.*

'' 1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God!—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

422 S. M. Pentonville. Mornington.

1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

5 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

423

C. M. Medfield. Bedford.

Embracing the Promise.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 With humble faith, eternal King,
Thy promise we embrace:
To thee our infant offspring bring,
And supplicate thy grace.

424

S. M. Hudson. St. Thomas

Christ blessing Children.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these—
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

425

C. M. Medfield. Stephens.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

426

S. M. Hudson. St. Thomas.

Dedication of Children to God.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 Oh what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This holy rite divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make our children thine.

427

L. M. Medway.

Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

1 COME, Holy Ghost—come from on high;
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy gracious power divine,
And sprinkle thou th' atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child a child of God.

428

L. M. Duke Street. Windham.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

429

S. M. St. Thomas. Hudson.

Christ's Invitation to the Table.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

430

C. M. Stamford.

Guests drawn in by Divine Love.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
'Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?

When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come!'

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

431

C. M. Medfield.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place—

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!

432

L. M. Hingham. Medway

Penitent View of the Saviour's Sufferings.

1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

2 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
Oh! may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

3 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;

And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe—how much I love.

433

C. M. Mear. Peterboro'.

The New Covenant sealed.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul—my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

434

C. M. Stamford.

Reconciliation by Christ's Death.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
Did Jesus, to effect this change,
Pour out his precious blood?

2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our glorious King!
Oh may that love which spread this feast
Inspire us while we sing!

435

7s. Pleyel's Hymn

Spiritual Nourishment from Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:

Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

436

L. M. Alfreton.

1 HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

3 Jesus, our light! our morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

437

C. M. Mear. Dedham.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say—
'Twas all endured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

438

7s & 6s. Amsterdam.

Pardon and Peace implored.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all sin do thou release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

439

L. M. Duke Street.

Remembering Christ at his Table.

1 YES, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

2 'Tis pleasure, more than earth can give,
Thy glories through these vails to see:
Celestial food thy table yields,
And happy they who sit with thee!

440

L. M. Duke Street.

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;

We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 What tho' the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause?
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
'He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.'

441

S. M. Silver Street. Pentonville.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

442

H. M. Murray.

'' 1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord make these moments blest.
< From low delights, and mortal toys,
f I soar to reach immortal joys.

'' 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
< Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
f And learn to know and fear the Lord.

mp 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;

Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
f Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

443 10s. Savannah

'' 1 HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Aff Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
mf And waft it to the blissful realms above!

444 C. M. Arlington.

1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

p'' 2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
< They hail their great victorious King,
f And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys oh may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

445 L. M. Semley. St. George's.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought—through all the day.

f 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

L. M. Effingham. Springfield

446

The Rest of the Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul—enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.

f 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

— 5 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

447

C. M. Marlow

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

448

10s. Savannah.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

Aff3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian—and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

L. M. Slade.

449 *Preparation for the Duties of the Sabbath implored.*

mp 1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

mf 3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

450

L. M. 6l. Dresden.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
Oh may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
Oh may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,

Engage the ear—and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

H. M. Murray. Darwells

451

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

!! 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
< Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
f Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

— 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
f The glorious Prince of life,
> In dark domains confined:
< Th' angelic host around him bends,
f And midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
> While earth, in humbler strains,
— Thy praise responsive sings?
> "Worthy art thou, who once wast slain—
f Through endless years to live and reign."

— 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
< Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
ff And sin and hell in triumph lead.

452

C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
f And pours increasing day.

p 2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
f Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

— 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
f And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

C. M. Litchfield. Nottingham

453 *The Sabbath commemorative of Christ's Resurrection.*

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
And joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

mp 2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
— And more in knowledge grow;
Oh may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this blest day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
p With blood, and grief, and pain—
f 'Twas great—to speak the world from nought—
'Twas greater—to redeem.

L. M. Clinton. Nazareth.

454 *The eternal Sabbath.*

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope—and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

455

L. M. Ward. Hingham.

Delight in Worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh! warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

mf 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
f Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

456

7s. Pleyel's Hymn Turin.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven—and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here, we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteôus ways—
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

457

L. M. Alfreton.

1 WHEN to his temple God descends,
He holds communion with his friends,
His grace and glory there displays,
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

2 While hovering o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts—our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

3 Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;

And, while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

4 Oh! dearest hours of all I know—
Oh! sweetest joys of all below:
Here would I choose my fixed abode,
And dwell forever near my God.

458

S. M. Hudson. Shirland

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents:
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

459

C. M. Mansfield. Dundee

The Presence of God sought in his House.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
< How should our souls, on wings of love,
mf Mount upward to the skies!

p 3 But ah! the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

— 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here;
mf Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

f 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say
Come, great Redeemer—come ;
And bring the bright—the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

460

C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

Aff 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds, which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
Oh make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

461

7s. 6l. Sabbath. Rutland.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints·
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

462

C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
mf Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

> 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
— And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

mp 3 The feeling heart—the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
— And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
mf And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

463

C. M. Dundee. Litchfield.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

< 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
p And humble prayer arise,
f Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

7s. Edyfield

464

Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there;

There within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads—
Hear—for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening, we may say—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

465

C. M. Mear.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

466

7s. Benson.

Aff 1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
mf Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

– 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;

Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
mf Full salvation to each heart.

— 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down—lift up,
mf Make them strong in faith and hope.

— 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
mf Let us all rejoice in thee.

467

C. M. Spencer. Eastport.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart—and thou shalt find,
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

468

C. M. Stamford. Medfield.

Before Sermon.

1 ALMIGHTY God!—eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known:
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
Oh let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

469

8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak—the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give,
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
f And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

470

8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope—and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
f Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, forevermore.

471

7s. Edyfield.

After Sermon.

1 THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, now, thy peace and love;
And when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

472

7s. Edyfield

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work—the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send—oh send thy truth abroad!
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it—and return to God.

473

C. M. Spencer. Ely.

Prayer for Sincerity in Worship.

Aff 1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our CONFESSIONS pour,
Oh may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,
Oh let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

mf 4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with PRAISE.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
'Thou, God, art Father too!'

474

C. M. St. Martin's. St. Ann's.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;

The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

f 4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

475

L. M. Hingham.

Christ ever present in his Churches.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

476

L. M. 97th Ps. Tune. Winchester.

The Presence of God realized.

1 LO, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
p And silent bow before his face!

— 2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
> Let saints their humble worship bring.

— 3 Lord God of hosts! oh may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

477

L. M. **Duke Street.**

Dismissions.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

478

8s, 7s & 4. **Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.**

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
f Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
mp May we ever
mf Reign with Christ in endless day!

479

8s & 7s. **Walpole. Sicilian Hymn.**

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

480

8s, 7s & 4. **Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.**

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us.

Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
mf May our view of heaven grow clearer,
< Hope more bright of joys to come;
p And, when dying,
< May thy presence cheer the gloom.

481

L. M. **Uxbridge.**

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

482

C. M. **Barby. Corinth.**

Languid Devotion lamented.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
With heavenly lustre shine—
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

f 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays;
And with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

483

C. M. Medfield. Barby.

Longing for the eternal Sabbath.

1 WHEN, dearest Saviour—when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a vail between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys—
Where Sabbaths never end.

484

L. M. Uxbridge.

Pleasing Remembrance of the Sabbath.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing—at once they pray—
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

485

C. M. Corinth.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

< 4 He shines—and I am all delight;
> He hides—and all is pain:
— When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again!

Aff 5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
mf But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington.

486

Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
f Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
ff Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

487

L. M. Appleton. Sterling.

Christ's Commission to his Ministers.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive
He shall be saved, that trusts my word,
And he condemned, who'll not believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy—and I defend."

f 4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

488

L. M. Duke Street. Appleton.

The Ministry of divine Appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage, and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

489

8s & 7s. Jerauld.

State and Prospects of the Heathen.

1 HARK!—what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?

'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
> "Come, and help us, or we die!"

— 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
> Join to help them, ere they die.

490
P. M. Missionary Hymn.

'' 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

p'' 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
f Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

491
C. M. Medford. Judea.
Prevalence of Christianity promised.

1 GREAT God, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,

That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
f Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

492

L. M. Brewer. Duke Street.

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

493

8s, 7s & 4. Tamworth.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
f Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

— 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
f Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
— Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!

f 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

494

5s & 6s. Lyons. St. Michael's.

1 HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways!
Oh, who shall not fear thee,
And honor thy name!
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme!

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess thee their God.

8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Hymn.

495

Influences of the Spirit necessary.

1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach—but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

496

C. M. Stamford

1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void!

2 Give thou the word—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!—

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

497

L. M. Medway. Alfreton.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

p 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound!

f 3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

498

S. M. St. Thomas.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;

And let all lands with joy record
f The great Redeemer's praise!

499 C. M. Stamford. Stephens.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unvailing what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Oh when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe—and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
A temple to thy praise.

500 S. M. St. Thomas. Hudson.

1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

f 4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

501 H. M. Bethesda.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word, | Let heathens live,
Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace!
Thy power employ;
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.

502

L. M. Rothwell. Stonefield

1 ARISE, in all thy splendor, Lord,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unvail the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm—thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

503

L. M. Appleton.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

504

L. M. Old Hundred.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King;
Now spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

p 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
— Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
< Subdued by thy victorious grace.

— 3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
f Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

505

L. M. Gilead. Mendon.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake!—awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone!'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime—of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

506

H. M. Bethesda.

1 RISE, Sun of glory—rise!
And chase those shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall er

507

L. M. St. Paul's. Duke Street.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say—shall thy wrath forever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

508

8s, 7s & 4. Greenville.

1 MAY the glorious day of promise
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,
When the scattered sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray;
f When hosannas
With united voice they cry.

p 2 Lord! how long wilt thou be angry?
Shall thy wrath forever burn?
— Rise! redeem thine ancient people;
Their transgressions from them turn.
f King of Israel!
Come, and set thy people free!

509

L. M. Ralston. Duke Street.

1 LORD! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

2 That vail of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light
That severed olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

f 3 Hail, glorious day—expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,

With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

510

L. M. 6l. Dresden.

False Religions supplanted by Christianity.

1 O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace!
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place:
The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear:
Oh rise, great God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

511

L. M. Sterling. Duke Street.

1 ALL power is to our Saviour given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

2 Soon the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

512

8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Hymn.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine—thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,

Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word—at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
f Spread thy name from land to land;
mp Lord be with them
— Alway to the end of time.

513

L. M. Lowell. Brewer.

'' 1 ARISE! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2 'Behold the way!' ye heralds, cry:
Spare not—but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
'Glad tidings,' to the captive soul.

3 'Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell!
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.'

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

f 5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

514

C. M. Christmas. Marlow.

Restoration of the Jews.

'' 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake—awake!—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;

Say to the south,—'Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!'

4 They come! they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

515

8s, 7s & 4. Tamworth. **Suffolk.**

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car:
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conquests—
Take possession of thy right:
f Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre!
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin—that worst of tyrants—
Rescued from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

516

C. M. Arlington. **St. Martin's.**

f 1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

517

C. M. St. Martin's. **Arlington.**

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,

Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings
And distant lands obey.

f 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word—and let it fly
The spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

ff 4 From sea to sea—from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

518

C. M. St. Martin's. Colchester.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

f 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

— 3 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace,—

mp 4 Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favored band;
< And I with them thy praise will sound,
f Throughout Immanuel's land.

519

5s & 8s. Cana.

1 BEHOLD how the Lord
Has girt on his sword;
From conquest to conquest proceeds!
How happy are they
Who live in this day,
And witness his wonderful deeds!

2 His word he sends forth,
From south to the north;
From east and from west it is heard:

The rebel is charmed;
The foe is disarmed;
No day like this day has appeared.

3 To Jesus alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong:
All hail blessed name,
Forever the same,
Our joy, and the theme of our song!

520

H. M. Shaftesbury. Acton

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold!
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 Oh haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
Oh may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

f 3 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

521

L. M. Gilead. Mendon.

1 SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns;
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
Sinners, now freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 Oh may his conquests still increase;
Let every foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
Saints shall his growing glories show.

3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

522

C. M. Judea. St. Martin'

Enlargement and Glory of the Church.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summits of the hills—
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

523

8s, 7s & 4. Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
p Mourning captive!
< God himself shall loose thy bands.

f 2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

– 3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts
Len End in an eternal rest.

524

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper every good design
To spread thy glorious light:

2 Oh bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise:
Thy word let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways:

3 Put forth thy glorious power!
All nations then will see;
And earth present her grateful store
In converts born to thee.

525

L. M. Gilead. Mendon.

1 ZION, awake!—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view:
All shall admire and love thee too.

526

H. M. Newbury. Darwell's.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high!
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams which cannot fade:
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, | The glory raise.

527

L. M. Mendon. Winchester.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

528

7s. Edyfield. Lincoln.

1 "GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light:
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

f 4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

529

8s, 7s & 4. Greenville. Greece.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—tis reviving
To our hearts to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,

How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord—at thy command.

530

L. M. Old Hundred.

Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

p 3 Our prayers assist < accept our praise—
mf Our hopes revive < our courage raise—
— Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

531

L. M. Alfreton. Effingham

1 BEHOLD the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;

And slave, and freeman—Greek, and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

532

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

f 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

P. M. Missionary Hymn.

533

Departure of Missionaries.

" 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

Aff 2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee!

534

S. M. St. Thomas. Pentonville.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way!

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage—go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

535

8s, 7s & 4. **Greenville.**

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go—proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed—
'Tis the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!—
Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
He is with you—
He will guide you to the end.

536

L. M. Brewer. **Effingham.**

'' 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
> Bid raging winds their fury cease,
p And calm the savage breast to peace.

— 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;

Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

537

L. M. Brewer. Monson.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

538

P. M. Missionary Hymn.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And HIM who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

539

L. M. Old Hundred. Gilead

1 NOW let the angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live—forever reign!

540

S. M. St. Thomas. Hudson

1 GREAT Heir of David's throne!
Thy royal power assume;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blest Redeemer, come.

2 Set up thy throne of grace
In all the heathen's sight—
Thy kingdom of true holiness—
And order it aright.

3 Now, for thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be:
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to thee.

4 In zeal for God and man,
Thy full salvation bring:
The universal Monarch reign,
The saints' eternal King.

S. M. Southfield. Eastburn.

541

Rejoicing in Christ's Reign.

1 NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known
The Universal Lord.

542

L. M. Brewer. Duke Street.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The boundless world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

p 2 In shame and suffering once he died;—
But now he lives forevermore:
— Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes—and guard thy friends;

While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below—and worlds above.

f 5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

543

L. M. Mendon. Brewer.

1 YES—mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then, ransomed souls shall bless thy power:
Thine arm shall full salvation bring:
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer, with their conquering King.

3 Then, ranged thy shining throne around,
Thy honors, Lord, will we proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and saving name.

544

7s. Adullum. Lincoln.

1 HARK!—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

545 S. M. Paddington. Eastburn.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

546 7s. Adullum. Lincoln.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
'Christ, of lords and kings is King!'
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forevermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
'Jesus is the King of kings!'

VARIOUS TOPICS.

547 C. M. Corinth. Oakland.

Nature of Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

2 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

3 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

Aff 4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Len Lord, teach us how to pray.

S. M. Little Marlboro'. Hudson

548

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 AND shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move;
And can they be denied?

3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer:
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

549

L. M. Brewer. St. Paul's

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
Oh may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same;

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

550

L. M. Waterville. St. Paul's.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories vail thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite;
> Again attend our humble prayer;—
— Let mercy still be thy delight.

551

S. M. Calmar. Hudson.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow!

2 Thy kingdom come—thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive—as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

mf 5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

mp 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
'All for his sake be done!'

552

C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

1 OUR Father who in heaven art!
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come—thy will be done,
Throughout this earthly frame,—

2 As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Who dwell with thee on high
Lord, let thy bounty, day by day
Our daily food supply.

3 As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil save.

mf 4 For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
Len And thine shall ever be.

553

6s & 5s. Portuguese Hymn. Lyons.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
Oh give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever—Amen.

C. M. Litchfield. Corinth.

554

Retirement and Meditation.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

p 2 The calm retreat—the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;

— And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My SAVIOUR—thou art mine!

mf 5 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms above,
When time shall be no more.

555

L. M. Bellville. Waterville.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from earth and sense;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God I find.

556

C. M. Brattle Street. Corinth.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
mf My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

557

S. M. Hudson. Little Marlboro'.

1 OUR heavenly Father's eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement he is nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 Then let that eye survey
Our duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O God! may heavenly fire
The incense still inflame;
While grateful vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 Oh warm my heart with love,
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

558

L. M. Medway. Shoel.

Desiring the Presence of God.

1 MY God, I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul approach thy seat?
When shall I see thy glorious face
With mingled majesty and grace?

2 How should I love thee, and adore,
With hopes and joys unknown before!
And bid this trifling world be gone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne.

3 My soul should pour out all her cares
In flowing words, or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

559

C. M. St. Martin's. Berwick.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine!

2 Light in thy light, oh may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
Thou God of pardoning love!

560

C. M. St. Martin's. Stephens.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine:
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
To thee each fleeting hour be given,
Since each by thee is lent.

3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
> Till all our labors cease;—
— Till heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

561

C. M. Corinth. Arlington.

God's Presence a Comfort in Life.

1 OH happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence cheers us in our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
His gracious word dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love;

Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

S. M. Haverhill. Mornington.

562

Communion with the Father and Christ.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till this communion be complete
mf In nobler scenes above.

C. M. Corinth. Grafton

563

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

1 OH, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays—and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God—
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.

mf 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

564

C. M. Dedham. Grafton.

1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

565

S. M. Hudson. St. Thomas.

Providence and Grace.

1 O THOU, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

566

C. M. Medford. Walney.

1 THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;

And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

2 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy bright glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Eternal and divine.

567

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn.

1 BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty forever!
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness.
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God! for these, thy bounties
Songs of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

568

C. M. Princeton. Westford

The Fearful encouraged.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy—which, like a river, flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell—
Those powers will God restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good,
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

569

C. M. Covington. Spencer.

Refuge in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

570

C. M. Stamford. Lutzen.

1 IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

f 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, or sorrow—life, or death—
His love is still the same.

571

L. M. Mendon. 97th Ps. Tune.

1 PRAISE—everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.

3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! the mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

mf 4 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith!
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

f 5 Then, should the earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

572

C. M. Litchfield. Spencer.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

L. M. Hingham. Alfreton.

573

Prayer for Protection and Guidance.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,

Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light—be thou my way;
No foes, nor danger will I fear,
While thou, my Saviour, God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
mf To raise my head—and cheer my heart.

4 Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
p Where all is calm—and all is peace.

574

C. M. Medfield. Spencer.

1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide!
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swelled with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts;
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring Guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.

4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
In all my griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

575

L. M. Old Hundred. Danvers.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to the saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God!
Their pleasing home—their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest;
Behold their sons, a feeble race!
We come to fill our fathers' place.

3 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are numbered with the dead,

When friends desert—and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid!

4 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God! may we ascend,
And find an everlasting Friend.

5 To thee our infant race we'll leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

576

C. M. Litchfield. Dundee.

1 AUTHOR of good—to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And oh, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;—

4 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
The ill we ask—deny.

577

C. M. York. Grafton.

1 GOD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;

mf And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

578

C. M. Christmas. **Judea.**

Scripture Characters and Examples.

1 RISE, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

p 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Len That led them safe to heaven.

579

C. M. Christmas. Judea.

!! 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

p 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

f !! 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breath;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

580

L. M. **Duke Street.**

Youth admonished of the Judgment.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes—indulge your tongue;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too.

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

Aff 3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

581

L. M. **Uxbridge. Medway.**

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—'My joys are gone.'

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Oppressed with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agony of pain,
Ascends to God—not there to dwell,
But hears her doom—and sinks to hell.

Aff 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am:
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

582

C. M. **Nottingham. Dundee**

Youth admonished to remember their Creator.

1 CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.

3 The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

583

C. M. Stephens. Dundee.

1 WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

584

S. M. Hudson. Dover.

The Young asking for divine Guidance.

1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

585

L. M. Medway. Danvers.

Prayer for Youth.

1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

2 While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian—thou their guide;
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour! let their all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

586

C. M. Medfield. Ely.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
Oh, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quickening grace;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

587

C. M. Oakland. Ely.

Pleasure of instructing the Young.

1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!

4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

588 C. M. Bedford. Ely.

Parting with earthly Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love;
There shall I dwell with God.

589 L. M. Danvers. Hingham.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

Aff 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

mf 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

C. M. Grafton. Medfield.

590

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceitful light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys—our nearest friends—
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

L. M. Sunderland. Hebron.

591

Vanity of the World and Happiness of Heaven.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass—the fading flower
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

mf 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
> Though passing through a vale of tears.

S. M. **Dartmouth. Dover.**

592

Religion a Support in Life.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade,—

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou, blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

Aff 5 Oh let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
mf> To cheer my every gloomy hour,
pp And calm my every grief.

C. M. **Grafton. Medfield.**

593

Human Frailty.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our Maker, God, supports our frame;
In God alone we trust!
f Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

7s & 6s. **Amsterdam.**

594

Flight of Time.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:

Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy
Secure in Jesus' love.

C. M. Grafton. Bether.

595

Time short and misspent.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

Aff 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

596

C. M. Grafton. Ely.

1 THE time is short!—sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While yet 'tis called to-day.

2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short!—ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short!—it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

5 The time is short!—the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

597

C. M. Spencer. **York.**

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Aff 3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
> Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy—or endless wo
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

Aff 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

598

L. M. Ralston. **Middlebury.**

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then, what my thoughts design to do
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
p But darkness, death, and long despair
Len Reign in eternal silence there.

599

S. M. **Bethany. Boxford.**

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh! be that still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
> Lest life's young, golden beams should die
mf In sudden, endless night.

600

S. M. **Haverhill. Aylesbury.**

Reflections on past Generations.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?—
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor—gone!

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

601

S. M. Dover. Pentonville.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
> An instant, endless night.

-- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the horrid gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

602

L. M. Danvers. St. Paul's.

1 AWAKE—awake! each sluggish soul,
Awake—and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done!

mp 2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more:
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
Ev'n now he stands before the door!

mf 3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
And hear the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends!"

Aff 4 O Saviour! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to our view:
Teach us to gird our loins about,
And trim our dying lamps anew.

5 Then, when the king of terror comes,
< Our souls shall hail the happy day:
mf Haste, then, O Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay!

C. M. York. Cheltenham.

603

Trust in God in Old Age.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

C. M. Wachusett. Grafton.

604

Meditation on Death.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But oh, the soul!—that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!—
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies—
And track its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thine almighty hand
My naked soul I trust;

And waits my flesh for thy command,
> To drop into the dust.

605

C. M. Grafton. Cheltenham.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die—and once for all—
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness vailed,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

606

C. M. Barby. Eastport

Admonition to prepare for Death.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
mf Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

607

C. M. Grafton. St. Austin's.

1 WHEN youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.

2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!

3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
< Give us, through Christ, the victory,
mf To triumph o'er the grave!

608

C. M. Grafton. Eastport.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

609

C. M. Grafton. Ely.

Preparation for Death.

1 IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
mf I'll boldly venture through.

610

C. M. Bether. St. Austin's.

Hope in Christ a Support in Death.

1 WHEN Death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage faints away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And victory waits his arms.

3 Oh, for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm alone can save.

611

L. M. Hingham. Shoel.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?—
What timorous worms we mortals are.
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
mf Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

— 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

C. M. Marlow. Medford.

612

Faith giving Victory over Death.

'' 1 OH for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?'

f 3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

613

C. M. Mear. Colchester.

1 HOW glorious is the gift of faith,
That cheers the darksome tomb,
And through the damp and gloomy grave
Can shed a rich perfume!

2 Triumphant faith!—it lifts the soul
Above desponding fear;
Exults in hope of heaven, her home,
And longs to enter there!

C. M. Barby. York.

614

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

mp 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

f 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

615

L. M. Hebron. Ward.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

mf 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
> Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
f !! O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

616

S. M. Mornington. Bethany.

1 OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
< Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
mf Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
mp Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
— Our praises and our tears.

Aff 5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

617

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame.
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"

C. M. York. Medfield.

618

Submission under the Loss of Friends.

1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
That mars that form to us so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he—the King and Lord supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

S. M. Bethany. St. Thomas.

619

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

mf 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my **dust**,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,

And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

mp 5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of those our humble songs,
f Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

620

S. M. Bethany. Little Marlboro'.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?—
With triumph or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse, or blessing meet?

4 I must from God be driven—
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven—
> Or else depart—to hell.

Aff 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

621

S. M. Pentonville. Dover.

Christ's Second Coming.

1 IN expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes!—the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—"Awake!—
Ye dead, to judgment come!"—
The pillars of creation shake,
> While hell receives her doom.

— 4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

622

8s, 7s & 4. Greece.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
p Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
— Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
p "Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away."

4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Aff Oh come quickly—
f Claim the kingdom for thine own!

623

P. M. Luther's Hymn. Monmouth.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!

The trumpet sounds!—the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

624

C. M. Stephen's. Stamford.

1 SEE! where the great incarnate God
Fills his majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 Oh may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

625

7s. Lincoln. Adullum

1 HARK!—that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes!—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

626

8s, 7s & 4. Benson. Messina

1 DAY of judgment—day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Aff Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

mf 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Aff Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee;

mf 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below!
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

627

C. M. Dundee. Spencer.

The Judgment anticipated.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh, how shall I appear!

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord;
Let mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.

mf 5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure;
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure!

628

C. P. M. Aithlone.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
f Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

629

L. M. Middlebury. Sparta.

1 THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet—and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

Aff 3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Len Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

630

S. M. Mornington. Dartmouth.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
> Astonished, shrink away?

— 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;

'' < Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

Aff 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

8s, 7s & 4. Tamworth. **Suffolk.**

631

The Judgment welcomed by the Righteous.

1 LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

C. M. St. Austin's. **Wachusett**

632

Banishment from God intolerable.

Aff 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—
Thou Sovereign of my heart—
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—"Depart."

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;

Show me some promise in thy book,
  Where my salvation stands.

S. M. Bethany. Pentonville.

633

Reward and Punishment.

1 OH where shall rest be found,
  Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound—
  Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give
  The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
  Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
  There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
  And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
  Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
  Around 'the second death!'

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
  Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
  Forevermore undone.

L. M. Medway. Middlebury.

634

Eternity anticipated.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!—
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents!—how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to the love.

5 Search, Lord—oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

635

C. M. Patmos. Judea.

Holiness of Heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen—nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

P 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;—
— No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

636

C. M. Jordan. Arundel

Treasure in Heaven.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store!
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
Oh for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight.

637

C. M. Walney. Spencer.

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

638

C. M. Spencer. **Barby.**

The Heavenly Rest.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
Where thou art loved alone.

2 Eternal Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in;
Blest Saviour, now thy power bestow,
And wash me from my sin.

3 Oh take this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

4 Come, my Redeemer, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my end.

639

8s & 6s. Lanesboro'. **Conway.**

> 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
— To mourning wanderers given:
> There is a tear for souls distressed,
p A balm for every wounded breast—
<> 'Tis found alone—in heaven.

> 2 There is a home for weary souls,
— By sins and sorrows driven;
> When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
mf Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
p And all is drear—but heaven.

mf ' ' 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
— The heart with anguish riven;

It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
> And all serene—in heaven.

mf 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
p Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
<> Appears the dawn—of heaven.

C. M. Corinth. Arlington.

640

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

ff 1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers, than Eden's, bloom,
No sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

7s. Lincoln. Pleyel's Hymn.

641

The Saints in Glory.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love!

p 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts—distressing fears—
Torturing pain—and heavy wo.

— 3 Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,

p Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind!

— 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
p!! Hark—their songs melodious rise,
f Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

642

C. M. Judea. St. Martin's.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see!

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

mp 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

— 4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

Aff 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

643

C. M. Walney. Spencer.

1 HOW far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A vail of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

2 Oh could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—

3 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ!—
Thy love triumphant they repeat
In songs of endless joy.

4 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place

Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

C. M. Judea. Litchfield

644

Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds!—how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unvailed glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast:
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

8s & 7s. Jerauld. Benson

645

Pardon implored for National Sins.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love vail our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

C. M. Spencer. Burford.

646

Judgments for National Sins deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 Oh turn us—turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
mf Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

L. M. Hingham. Waterville.

647

Providential Goodness of God.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy presence we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;

Still be the grateful homage paid
With morning light, and evening shade.

4 Lord, in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

648

C. M. Litchfield. Patmos.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

4 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed time nor harvest—night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

649

L. M. Brewer. Waterville

1 JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord,
All nature rests upon his word:
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east—and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Beneath the verge of western hills.

3 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

650

L. M. Brewer. Waterville

1 GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years adore.

651

L. M. Brewer. Alfreton.

1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

p 2 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
It gently wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

3 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld—by thee restored;
And while our hours renew their race
We still would walk before thy face.

4 So, when our souls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
f With joy triumphant they shall move
To seats of nobler life above.

C. M. Litchfield. Warwick.

652

Blessings of Providence and Grace.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,

Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But oh! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise—
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

653

L. M. Old Hundred

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise—
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray,—
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

654

L. M. Old Hundred. All Saints.

1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

p 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
— Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
> Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
— Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

655

L. P. M. St. Helen's.

National Praise and Prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, oh may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign!
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

656

L. M. Old Hundred.

Prayer for National Gratitude and Holiness.

1 LORD! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

657

L. M. Danvers. All Saints

Praise for sparing Mercy.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venomed arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.

mp 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

4 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
< And let its fruit and verdure be
mf A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life—and in the arms of death,
f My soul, the pleasant theme prolong;
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

658

C. M. Stamford. York.

In Behalf of charitable Objects generally.

1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
Dost thou exalted shine!
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them mayest thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;

And, in their accents of distress—
Our Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

659

S. M. St. Thomas. **Hudson.**

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 Oh may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

4 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
With endless life shall he fulfil
His kindest promises.

660

C. M. Litchfield. St. Martin's.

In Behalf of the Poor.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

p 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
— Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
mp Alas! the goodness we can yield
> Extendeth not to thee.

p 5 To tents of wo—to beds of pain,
mf We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.

f 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

661

C. M. Litchfield. Eastport.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
> And weep for others' wo.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
mf And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

662

C. M. Spencer. Corinth.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found,
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

663

H. M. Acton.

For Sabbath Schools.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

664

C. P. M. Columbia.

1 GREAT God! our voice to thee we raise;
Tune thou our lips and hearts with praise,
Thy goodness to adore:
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise—on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor!

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings!
Our shield and refuge be:

Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
Through Christ, the life, the way, the truth,
That we may come to thee!

3 While friends their generous aid afford,
Accept the kind intention, Lord,
And crown it with thy love;
f Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues
In nobler praise above.

665

L. M. Denton. Dresden.

In Behalf of Widows and Orphans.

1 THOU God of hope! to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!

2 The poor are thy peculiar care,
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
Oh may we always THUS be poor

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear

4 Thou God of hope! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!

666

C. M. St. Austin's. Dundee.

1 OH gracious Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need!
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?—

3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray—
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee!

4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears:

Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 Oh let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of wo.

L. M. Old Hundred.

667

On Opening a Place of Worship.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
f Hosanna! let the angels sing.

— 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

668

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Rotterdam.

1 LORD of Hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

669 L. M. Old Hundred

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

670 H. M. Bethesda. St. Philip's.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

671

H. M. Bethesda. St. Philip's.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, | And find our home,
To thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend their song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, | To join the choir
Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill.

672

C. M. Stamford. St. Martin's.

1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below;
Before thy glorious Majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold, a temple raised for thee;
Oh meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed,
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.

6 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

673

C. M. Eastport. Spencer.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
p And soft their sleeping bed.

— 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
mf They're freed from every snare.

— 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
mf End in a large reward.

674

C. M. Eastport. Spencer.

Death and Burial of Christians.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode?—
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God?

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

mf ' ' 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

675

L. M. Medway. Munich.

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

f 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

676

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;

There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

677

C. M. Dundee. Collingham.

Death of a Minister.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
That view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Are numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust-
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us—and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"Your safeguard, and your guide;
Your Saviour still—and happy they
Who in my love confide!"

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
Len When we are cold in dust.

678

C. M. Eastport. Burford.

Meditation on the Tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours!"

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

C. M. St. Austin's. Bangor.

679

A Warning from the Grave.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
> And warns thee of her dead!

— 4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell!

C. M. Spencer. St. Austin's.

680

The House appointed for all Living.

p 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease—
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
< Till God in judgment call them forth,
> To meet their final doom.

681

S. M. **Bethany.**

Rapid Flight of Time.

1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—'tis but a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dangerous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.

3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way!

682

C. M. **St. Mary's. Spencer.**

1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
That marks the passing year!
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly gliding year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

Aff 4 Awake, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

683

C. M. **Stamford. York.**

Praise for Providential Goodness.

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see:
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

684

L. M. Hague. Hebron.

1 GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand;
By that supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed—
By his unerring counsels led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy—and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

685

L. M. Rotterdam. Old Hundred.

1 ETERNAL God! I bless thy name,
The same thy power—thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Begin, and close, and crown the year.

2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand deaths I stand,
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led me on—
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

mf 4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

686

C. M. Barby. St. Austin's

Reflections at the End of the Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes?—how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

687

7s. Benevento. Pleyel's Hymn.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
Let our prayer thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

C. M. Stamford. St. Martin's.

688

Salvation approaching.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

7s. Lincoln. Adullam.

689

Providence of God in the Seasons.

1 PRAISE to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

3 These, to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for THYSELF alone.

690

H. M. Newbury. Harwich

1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows,
Thro' earth and skies.

2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze
His breath perfumes;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine
Through all appear;
And round the year
His glories shine.

691

L. M. Lowell. Springfield

1 THE flowery spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 The changing seasons, months, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong,

And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

692

C. M. Corinth. Warwick.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

p!! 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
— 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
p< Soft music hails the lovely spring,
f And woods and fields rejoice.

Aff 3 O God of nature, and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

f 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love, and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

693

S. M. Pentonville.

1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.

4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

694

8s. Spring.

1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.

2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found,
In praising, to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell!

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

695

7s. Edyfield

1 PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
p' ' Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
—Warble their Creator's praise!

Aff 2 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

C. M. Princeton. Weston.

696

Harvest.

1 TO praise the bounteous Lord of all,
Wake all our thankful powers;
He calls, and at his call come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps,
His goodness we will sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
And harvest crowns the spring.

3 Teach us, O gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Shine on our souls—and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

697

L. M. Duke Street. Hingham.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 Oh! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just—thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

698

C. M. Mear. Ely.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

699

L. M. Alfreton. Tallis' Ev. Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;

Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

700

C. M. Walney. **Dundee**

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

701

7s. Edyfield.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;

Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

L. M. Duke Street. Alfreton.

702

An Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

03

C. M. Medfield. Dundee.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

704

L. M. Duke Street. St. Paul's.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

705

L. M. Tallis' Ev. Hymn. Alfreton.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth—'tis heaven above!
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

706

C. M. York. Medfield.

1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes
Since thou wilt not remove:
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!—

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

707

C. M. Medfield. Dundee.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care,
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh let my spirit soar.

708

S. M. Dover. Bethany

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

709

S. M. Mornington. Pentonville

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

710

7s. Edyfield.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

711

8s, 3s & 6. **Auburn.**

1 ERE I sleep, for every favor,
This day showed
By my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all thy power.

4 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

712

L. M. **Duke Street. Medway**

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

713

C. M. **Peterboro'.**

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun—whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

714

C. M. Walney. Bowdoin

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

GENERAL ASCRIPTIONS OF PRAISE.

7s. Pleyel's Hymn.

715

Humble Adoration and Praise.

1 HEAVENLY Father—sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

f 4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

716

S. M. St. Thomas. Paddington.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through all creation's frame

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God, my soul, ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.

717

7s. Adullum. Lincoln.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

718

7s. **Lincoln.**

1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power;
Love him, praise him evermore:
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare;
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honor all our days.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord!—
Live, by heaven and earth adored!
Filled with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

719

H M. **Acton.**

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, | A general song
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

2 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest, | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

720

C. M. **Princeton. Marlow.**

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

721

S. M. Southfield. Utica.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth forevermore.

722

C. M. St. Martin's.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name:
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints—almighty Lord—
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.

723

C. M. St. Martin's. Berwick.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word!
'Tis he restores our ruined frame—
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

724

7s & 6s. Amsterdam

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.

2 Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

3 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of Peace proclaim.

4 Praise him, every tuneful string:
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

5 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.

6 Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

725

P. M. Judea.

1 SING hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till in the realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise;
He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain.
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

726

C. M. Stephen's. St. Ann's.

1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God!
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

727

C. M. St. Martin's. Berwick.

1 MY God, my King, to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song
When time and nature dies.

728

8s & 7s. Sicilian Hymn.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

729

C. M. Marlow. Westford.

Universal Praise.

1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains,
Let earth his praise resound;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.

2 Thou city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong;—

3 Till, midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all, combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

730

11s & 8s. Wareham. Salem.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord he is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

731

P. M.

1 THE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great—his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords!
Oh praise our God! with voice and harp resounding,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

L. M.

732

Doxologies.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

733

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND OTHER PIECES,

Appropriate to various Occasions of Public Worship.

1.

THE Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

2.

LET the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

3.

WHEN the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

4.

I ACKNOWLEDGE my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

5.

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

6.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.

For the Lord is gracious; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations.

7.

REPENT ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

8.

I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

9.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him;

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

10.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpet, and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord;

For he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

11.

O SING unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel; and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also and cornet, O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is; the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

12.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp;

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

13.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, in the house of his servant David;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began;

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

14.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities;

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength; ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion.—Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

15.

GOD be merciful to us, and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase; and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

16.

WE praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry—

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth—Heaven and earth are full of thy great glory.

17.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing;

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all nations;

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our Lord.

18.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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* See Horne on this passage.

19.

THE Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

20.

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

21.

WHEN the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.

This shall be my rest forever, saith the Lord; here will I dwell, for I delight therein.

22.

O PRAISE God in his holiness; praise him in the firmament of his power;

Praise him for his noble acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness;

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet; praise him upon the lute, and harp;

Praise him in the cymbals, and dances; praise him on strings, and pipes;

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord; praise the Lord.

23.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

24.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

25.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

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